NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868. | VOLUME XVI.—No. 22. PRICE TEN CENTS.

"FAREWELL."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I.

Farewell! we often breathe it here,
As friends are called to part;
And it has been the requiem
Of many a broken heart.
It cometh oft-times like the breath
Of wild Sahara's blast,
And desolate is left the place
O'er which its blight has passed.

II.

Farewell! it is a mournful word,
And, oh, how hard to say,
When from our hearts the night of death
Has chased the light away;
When on the brow of some loved friend
The darkening shadows rest,
And the life-pulses cease to beat
Within the quiet breast.

III.

Farewell! it has a sound of woe,
When for a day 'tis said,
For ere a score of hours have passed,
We may be with the dead.
Our life is but a fevered dream,
We wake before the dawn,
And see its visions fade away,
Its joy, its brightness gone.

IV.

Farewell! yet still there is a thought
Of pleasure with its gloom,
For it will never more be heard
Beyond the silent tomb;
And never more will our heart flowers
Be blighted by its breath,
When once we've borne our treasures through
The opening gates of death.

RUINED FOR EVER;

OR,

THE WORLD AGAINST THE FAVORITE.

BY HAMLYN SMITH.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Ray Desmond leaned over the table and thought for a few moments in silence. What was he to do?

Never wishing for his father's death—never even dreaming of trading upon it—he hoped that Sir Henry Desmond might yet live long and happily; the more because he would hear of his son's honorably paying debts without knowing whence the money came.

"Would it not be better, then," thought he, "to accept the Jew's offer—no matter how tremendous the interest—than have his name dishonored for ever?"

"Yes," he cried at last—"yes, I will give you this interest. Yet stay," he added, as a sudden thought occurred to him—"stay! When do you wish repayment?"

"At your father's death," returned the Jew, coolly.

"But if I pay you before then—if I pay you within three months from this, what then?"

"I will then take off ten thousand," said Solomans. "That's fair."

fully. "Let me sign the pa," said Ray Desmond, joy-

The Jew at once pulled out a bill stamp—did you ever know a Jew that did not always have one ready in his pocket?—and handed it to Ray. It was duly drawn up.

"But this is still for seventy-five thousand!" cried Ray.

"Yes, yes; that is to guard against contingencies, my dear sir. I will give you an undertaking, that if this be met in three months, ten thousand will be given up."

He did so accordingly, while Ray Desmond signed the bill; and in a few minutes the latter was once more in a position to pay his way. Yet was he the less ruined—was he the more able to see through the gloomy mists of the future?

"Well," he said, in a low tone, as he finished counting the crisp notes and placed them in his pocket—"well, Mr. Solomans, you have saved me; and I shall see that you are punctually and duly paid. All I wish for now is that our transactions may remain a profound secret."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Jew, taking his hat. "In these matters the least said the better."

Then he bowed himself out and closed the door most carefully behind him. On arriving in the street he was joined by another man. This was John Marston.

"Well," said the latter, "have you nailed him?"

"Nailed him! Yes, that I have. Fifteen thousand if he pays in three months—twenty-five if in a longer time."

"How can he hope to pay in three months?" said Marston, laughing.

"By gambling, I suppose," returned the Jew. "But as I heard him murmur the name of Laura, I suppose there is some chance of that match coming off. Ah, there is our other dupe! Not a word!"

At the corner of the street stood a figure clad in male attire, but the delicate outlines of whose form betrayed the fact that it was a woman.

She advanced hurriedly towards the Jew and his companion.

"Well," she asked, eagerly, "what news? What does he say?"

"He says, madam," said Marston, who had not seen Desmond for three days, and who knew nothing whatever of anything that had passed during the interview between Ray and the Jew—"he says, madam, that he cannot see you."

"Gracious heavens!" cried the woman; "will nothing move him? Oh, Mr. Solomans, is this true?"

"My friend is quite correct," he said.

Careless of the effects which their cruel falsehoods were working in the heart of the listener, the two men then bowed and prepared to retire.

"One moment, Mr. Marston," she exclaimed; "do not address me as you did just now. You know that I have discarded the dress, the character and feelings of a woman, and with it I wish to discard the name. Recollect, in future, my name is Leonard Fairfax."

"Very well, Mr. Fairfax," said Marston, with a slight though perceptible sneer—"very well. I will not so offend in future. Good night, Mr. Fairfax."

She watched them as they passed away—standing with folded arms, her heart beating within her fair bosom, her eyes scarcely able to keep back the tears that welled to them.

"Oh, man—man!" she exclaimed. "How tender is first love—how implacable and unjust in their jealousy! And I, standing here, as innocent as the babe unborn, am told that he refuses to see me! Never mind. He is drawing the net closer and closer around him; ruin is staring him in the face. The only one who can aid him is myself. For the sake of my love for him—for the sake of our child—for the sake of the dear old days gone by, I still will strive to save him! Next year's Derby shall see him run to win; and if he thanks me not for that, I am deceived in him altogether—I am content then to die!"

So saying, the strange woman moved away, and passing into the next street, entered a neat brougham that was waiting for her.

"Home!" she said, in a stronger and more manly voice than she had employed when speaking to the Jew and John Marston.

Then she sprang in, and the carriage began at once to move away at a rapid pace towards the country. It was a long distance which she had to go; for there was no cessation of speed for two hours, when the carriage drew up at the door of a fine house, the outer gates of which were at once opened to admit it.

After leaving the carriage the disguised lady—whom we must call Leonard Fairfax—passed into the house, and, after partaking of a slender supper, went out once more to the rear of the premises, and crossing a wide garden, on the left of which were spacious grounds, undid a wicket, and walked out into the highway.

A mile from the back of the house brought her to a dark, black looking place, very like the stable where the Lavender colt was born kept. Entering here by means of a little key, she found herself in a stable where several horses were, and where two men were watching.

"How goes Will-o'-the-Wisp?" said Fairfax.

"Oh, all right, Mr. Fairfax!" said the man. "She's beautiful! To-morrow she wins, sir!"

The animal towards which she now went well merited the prophecy and the glance of admiration which she cast upon it.

"Ha!" said Leonard Fairfax, in delight; "she is indeed in fine condition! She will save him—she will save him! Be careful, Bob, and let no one see her!"

"All right, sir!" said the man; and, in a few moments, Fairfax had left the stable.

In order to explain the scene—the pleasure of Fairfax at the beauty of the horse—I must take the reader back with me to the year 1831, and show him a little of the curious history of the Will-o'-the-Wisp's birth.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUMANE QUAKER.

The winter of 1831 had been very severe and the frosts had been frequent. Towards the month of January, 1832, there was a considerable crowd collected at the end of Bedford street, Strand. The sad sight which had attracted these lilders was, and still is, unfortunately, but too common.

The pavement had been rendered so slippery by the frost that it gave no footing to the horses; and one of these animals, which was harnessed to a large cart loaded with wood, was unable to move the heavy vehicle even a single step. The driver—a big, strong fellow, with an evil looking face—was whipping the poor horse, sometimes upon his head and sometimes upon his body, most unmercifully.

Snorting, panting and exhausting himself in incessant efforts, the horse was, in spite of the cold, wet with perspiration and white with foam. At times he threw himself forward in his collar with a sort of fury, and exerted himself so vigorously that sparks flew from his feet. Then, again, without being discouraged by these energetic, yet unavailing struggles, he would back for a few paces to renew his spring, and then, collecting all his strength anew, he again attempted, but still unsuccessfully, to drag his heavy load along.

Twice had he fallen in his cumbrous harness; twice had his knees been down upon the slippery stones; twice had the carman, with redoubled oaths and blows, dragged him up again by the bit—so roughly that the mouth of the ill-starred animal was dripping blood. At length, after a violent and last effort, which had been made with all the desperate energy of pain, the horse fell for a third time upon his knees.

But one of his legs being fixed under him, he was unable to rise, and fell over on his side, where he remained trembling, bathed in perspiration, and with his eye intently fixed upon his master.

It was then that the passion of the carman reached its height. After having broken his whip upon the head of the horse, while the poor animal was scarcely able to stir because of the pressure of the shafts, and stretched its neck upon the pavement with a moan, he began, by an abominable ingenuity in barbarity, to assail the nostrils of his victim with the most furious kicks.

The spectators of this savage sight had contemplated it in cruel curiosity of stupid unconcern. The most humane amongst them had, indeed, proposed, in a whisper, to help in unharnessing the horse; but no one had ventured to remonstrate with the man on the brutality of his behavior. But the fellow was, in fact, about to proceed to a further degree of inhumanity.

Finding that the horse was so overpowered beneath the weight of the vehicle as to be unable, in spite of all the frightful blows he had received, to raise himself up, the man, recollecting a bundle of straw that was hanging behind the cart, drew out a handful of it; ther, twisting this into the form of a torch, and taking a steel from his pocket, he prepared, with pitiless ferocity, to inflict a fresh torture on the unfortunate animal, telling the lookers on, who were too cowardly to interfere, "I am going to roast that jib! Perhaps that will fetch him up again!"

At this moment a passenger, who noticed the crowd, stopped. He was a man of middle size, somewhat corpulent and advanced in years. He was dressed in a long and old grey great-coat, which was furnished with large button holes, worked in wool of similar color.

His flat, three cornered hat scarcely sufficed to hide the crown of his head, which was covered with grey, unpowdered hair, whilst the lower part of his gentle, cambric cravat, of which the ends hung much and waistcoat, somewhat after the manner of a priest's band. But as soon as he saw the lighted torch of the inhuman carman approaching the horse, this individual started with horror, and his countenance at once expressed the most benevolent compassion and concern. Being, in fact, unable to endure this cruel sight, he stepped before the crowd, and resolutely pulled the carman by the sleeve.

The Quaker, for the man in the great-coat belonged to that sect, which, as is well known, possesses the most generous and compassionate sentiments towards animals—walked steadily up to the carman, and grasped him firmly by the arm. The latter turned immediately with a threatening look, and brandishing his torch exclaimed, "Who dares to touch me so? Is it you?"

"Friend," said the Quaker in a calm and gentle tone, as he showed the carman fifteen sovereigns, which were in his hands, and shook him, according to the custom of the sect—"friend, wilt thou sell me thy horse for fifteen sovereigns?"

"Soho!" replied the carman, regarding the proposal as an attempt to cajole him.

"I offer thee fifteen sovereigns for thy horse; will thou sell it, friend?"

"What! buy my horse? Fifteen sovereigns? fifteen golden sovereigns?" repeated the carman, extinguishing the torch beneath his broad foot, and looking with an avaricious and astonished eye upon the sum which the Quaker was still offering to him.

"Fifteen sovereigns, friend," said the Quaker in his soft, deliberate tone.

"And why the deuce do you want to buy my horse?"

"What hast thou to do with that? Wilt thou sell him?"

This scene began to be highly interesting to the spectators, of whom the greater number could have no conception of that compassionate feeling which had induced the Quaker, in anticipation of the uselessness of all remonstrances, thus to illustrate the merciful and pious spirit of his sect, by snatching one of God's creatures from such cruel treatment.

But another reason, which we shall relate by-and-by, had also contributed in some degree to the generous conduct of the Quaker.

"But what can you do with my horse without the cart?" demanded the carman.

"If thou sellest me thy horse, friend, thou wilt first unload thy cart, then unharness this poor animal, gently help it to get up again, and lead it to its stable, where I shall accompany thee; then I will tell thee what my intention is."

"But my cart and the load of wood?"

"Some one will watch them here, friend, until thou hast borrowed another horse. If it should be necessary I will even pay a trifle more for the purpose."

"Fifteen golden sovereigns!" repeated the carman, who could scarcely credit this good fortune. "And is it good gold?"

"Take out one at a venture, friend, and thou can'st go into some shop and inquire whether it is good."

The carman adopted this advice, and having tried the gold, returned in great joy, exclaiming, "Done! the bargain's made, master; there is no drawing back now."

"Unquestionably not," replied the Quaker; "but help me directly, friend, in unharnessing this animal; it must be in great suffering under the pressure of this heavy cart."

"Ah, but now the bargain is made, why the deuce did you give me such a price for this sorry animal? An arrant jib, indeed it is; but perhaps you were not aware of that?" exclaimed the carman.

"Well, friend, I will now inform thee that it was to rescue one of God's creatures from thy cruelty that I bought the poor animal."

The carman gazed at the Quaker with a stupid look, shrugged his shoulders, examined the gold again, and then, being wholly unable to comprehend this compassion, he began to unharness the horse, whistling joyously the while, and firmly persuaded he had been doing business with a madman.

It is quite true, too, that the crowd, who were all pretty much of the carman's opinion concerning the Quaker, very readily lent their assistance whilst he unloaded the cart and set the horse at liberty. The poor animal was bleeding from all parts. Such was the terror with which he still regarded his master that, at the slightest movement of the latter, he drew back, trembled, and sprang suddenly, as though he had been at every instant afraid of a new beating.

"Now, friend, let us go to thy house and lead this horse to his stable," said the Quaker.

The carman, the Quaker, and the horse then proceeded, followed by a few of the collected idlers. The Quaker followed his guide, stroking occasionally the thin and fleshless chest of the horse, and looking with a sort of gentle satisfaction at the victim which he had just redeemed from its miserable condition.

"Well, master," said the carman to the Quaker, "you look like a good fellow, and so I won't deceive you; and now that there is no getting out of our bargain, I will honestly warn you that you have just bought, not only a regular jib, but the ugliest brute in the world besides; and so ill-grained, and deceitful, and malicious, that he saw the handle of my pitchfork oftener than a feed of oats; and when I did give him a meal, he was generally so vicious that I only dared do so at the end of a shovel."

"Was he so mischievous when thou had'st him first? or has he become so under thy keeping?" asked the Quaker.

"The truth is, do you see, he began his laziness with me. I bought him, dirt cheap, for twenty crowns. It was a mere nothing, was it not? Well, I harnessed him in my cart. When the load was not too heavy—or rather when he pleased—the blackguard worked well; but when it was a hard pull, [illegible] ing, for instance, he played the same game—that is, made believe to drag his best when he was hardly dragging at all; then I began to drum him with the whip like you saw, and not lazily. But you shall hear what a sulky beggar he is. He was deceitful enough at first to pretend to take it all gently, without paying me anything back, but, by-and-by, would you believe that the audacious devil got knowing enough to owe me a grudge for all the lashes I gave him, and took the trouble pretty often to save me up a kick against the time I was taking off his harness! Then when I saw that trick I found a famous way of stopping his kickings, whilst I unharnessed him at any rate."

"What was that, friend?"

"I never unharnessed him any more."

"How did he lie down?"

"He didn't lie down at all."

"Neither by night or by day?"

"Neither by night nor by day. I drove him under a shed with my cart, and he spent the night there on his legs, and then he worked in the day time to take off the stiffness."

"What, friend! did'st thou thus mercilessly deprive this poor animal of sleep?"

"Him? Leave him alone for that; he was far too cunning and too tired to keep awake. Didn't he sleep standing? only as he might have been malicious enough to fall ill, I let him lie down on Sundays."

The Quaker did not wait to hear more. He was too disgusted with the man's cruelty. So in a very few hours the horse was transferred to the house where Mr. Osborne Osbaldiston first saw him, and recognised in him all the splendid qualities which fitted him for the position of a stud horse. It was the daughter of the despised cart horse which now stood in the stable of Leonard Fairfax. Every one knew her origin—every one laughed at her. Fifty to one was laid against her freely. Yet Leonard Fairfax only smiled at this antipathy.

"That is what will make my fortune and save him to me!"

This was all Leonard's thought. Yet the wedding feast was already talked of at the house of Sir Orford Mellish, and the ruined man still wore a lover's smiles, while the wife was braving the tempest of the world's suspicion for him.

Was she innocent? Truly, in the face of the great love that was her guiding star night and day, it seemed so.

Yet in this strange network of love and sin—horse-racing and murder—fancied injuries and real wrongs, there were forming other meshes to entangle the unwary.

Crime and revenge were crawling like twin serpents towards Ray Desmond, to destroy him.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

The triumph which Leonard Fairfax looked forward to as a means of saving from ruin the one whom she loved best in life, was eagerly desired by others who had laid money on the horse at long odds. Among the first on the course that morning was Ray Desmond, whose pale, anxious face, was gazed upon by every one with a kind of earnest sympathy.

Many knew his old troubles—all knew his present troubles; and there was many a turtle who would willingly have sacrificed his best friend for the sake of securing his own fortune, but who could not repress a feeling of pity for the haggard young gambler, as he drove on to the course his magnificent team.

On descending from his mail phaeton, and entering the ring, he was accosted by Sir Joseph Orliffe, a gentleman of high standing on the turf.

"Ah, Desmond!" he said, extending his hand; "you have taken us all by surprise, I assure you."

Ray looked surprised.

"Indeed!" he said. "Did you not expect me on the course?"

"No, no; I don't mean that. I mean about the horse."

Ray looked bewildered.

There was not the slightest doubt that his surprise was genuine.

"I really, upon my honor, Sir Joseph, cannot conceive what you mean," he replied.

"I mean, as regards the ownership of Will-o'-the-Wisp. We all imagined it to be the property of Mr. Leonard Fairfax. It appears now on the card as yours."

"Mine! Impossible! Here is a card! Ah, here is my name! I have read it again and again, yet never noticed it. What can it mean? It must be some error."

"It is not," said John Marston, bustling up; "it is not. Your mysterious friend has again benefitted you. Here is a letter which Mr. Fairfax has but now placed in my hands."

Ray Desmond took it eagerly. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR DESMOND:—I have entered Will-o'-the-Wisp in your name. He is a good horse, and will win. Take my advice, and back it to all the extent in your power. This is the beginning only of the aid I hope to afford you.

"LEONARD FAIRFAX."

"Who is this Leonard Fairfax—this mysterious benefactor!" cried Ray Desmond, whose heart beat with excitement and pleasure. "Tell me, Marston, where can I see him?"

"Ah, that I can't tell you, unless you go to his private house. But I don't fancy he would thank you for doing so; he hates publicity. His reasons for doing things of this kind he prefers to keep to himself."

"Is he not on the course?"

Marston looked around. At the further end of the ring, just leaving it, was the well known form of Leonard Fairfax. But he pretended not to see him. He had no wish that his two dupes should meet face to face.

"I don't see him," he said; "I suppose he's gone away."

"Well," said Sir Joseph Orliffe, coming up again, "have you solved your mystery?"

"Yes; the horse is mine. After my late reverses I trust I may win."

The baronet shook his head.

"Doubtful—very doubtful, Desmond," he said, "it's done nothing, and these two year olds are very deceiving. Besides"—and he laughed loudly as he spoke—"besides, recollect his pedigree. An unknown mare and a French cart horse. But where is your curious friend, who tries thus to make you a present against your will? Ah, there he goes!"

"Which—which is he?" cried Desmond, excitedly.

"There—that short, effeminate little party, making his way through the crowd near yonder break."

Ray Desmond waited to hear no more, but darted away, his heart beating with eager expectation. But at this moment the horses were brought out for a preliminary canter. There was a rush and a wild tumult, and Leonard Fairfax was nowhere to be seen. With a sigh, Ray Desmond turned back.

"I will not throw cold water on the efforts of my strange friend," thought he; "I will back this horse to my uttermost farthing. Sir Joseph, I will back Will-o'-the-Wisp with you for four thousand."

Sir Joseph smiled, and entered the bet at once in his book.

"You are betting desperately," cried he; "but it's no matter of mine. Thank you," he added, as he pocketed Ray's bank notes. "See! here come the horses. By Jove! Will-o'-the-Wisp doesn't look so bad, after all!"

Ray Desmond's heart, which had had many flutters that morning, leaped up again more than ever as his eyes fell upon the horse that had been presented to him by his mysterious friend. Tall and powerful, Will-o'-the-Wisp stepped gracefully over the ground, moving her head gently and glancing meekly at all around. There was not a sign of vice or temper in her.

"Well, if her father is a French cart horse, there is not much of the cart horse about her now," said Ray Desmond to Sir Joseph.

There was a cheer as she went by, and her position was soon changed. Every one was anxious to be "on her." Presently from forty to one she had risen to five to one, for the bookmakers were getting nervous. Ray Desmond was not idle. With every available farthing, with every one he came near, he backed Will-o'-the-Wisp.

A secret voice seemed urging him to do so; and when at length the twelve competitors were placed side by side ready for the start, his excitement was tempered by the feeling that he had acted rightly, and had secured his fortune. He knew well that to lose after such confidence as this would be more bitter and terrible than all.

But he somehow or another had no fear of loss; and though a slight faintness invaded his form when the twelve horses sprang off, he looked on with comparative calmness.

There they went—dashing along eagerly, as if aware of the fortunes which fled or rose with their efforts. Back they came presently again—after they had died away into dots in the distance—back they came, and the red and the blue, and the black and the pink, and the various striped jackets were mingled in one confused mass.

"Will-o'-the-Wisp! Will-o'-the-Wisp wins!"

"No, it's Fortuna!"

"No, Alcanar!"

"No, no, no! Will-o'-the-Wisp, for a thousand! See—she wins! She wins! Hurrah! hurrah!"

And then those who were losing blended their voices in the intensity of the excitement with those who had won.

It was true. By a good two lengths the offspring of the "French cart-horse" and the "unknown mare" won the race.

"I am saved!" thought Ray Desmond, as with his horse he was hurried away in triumph by those who had won, "jumping sums."

At six that evening, in company with a number of friends, he was dining at the "Royal George." One of these friends was John Marston.

This hanger-on was never to be shaken off. "He knew" too much, as he himself expressed it, to be afraid of Desmond insulting him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DEATH'S HEAD AT A FEAST.

There were many jolly spirits among those assembled at that dinner party at the "Royal George," chief among them being Lord Stephen Loftus—a witty, successful young fellow.

He was the life and soul of the party for some time, but it was easy to perceive that he was disconcerted and displeased by the presence of such a fellow as Marston.

As the wine gradually took effect upon the brain of the black-leg, he began to be grossly insulting.

At last, Lord Stephen Loftus turned his back, with a muttered explanation of annoyance.

"Oh, you needn't turn your back, my Lord. No offence—no offence was meant. A glass of wine will set matters all right. Allow me to drink wine with you?"

"Would rather not," returned Lord Loftus. "I will forgive the offence for the sake of being relieved of your conversation."

Marston broke into a loud guffaw.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "Very good—very good! I like to see any one getting out of temper—it's funny, after dinner! Ha, ha!—it's good, indeed! Come, come, my Lord Loftus," he added, patting his neighbor on the shoulder, "drink wine with me, and don't be a donkey."

Lord Loftus rose from his seat very pale.

"Really, Desmond," he said, "I am loth to do anything to annoy you, but I cannot sit in this man's company."

Desmond was now also very pale. He dreaded a quarrel with Marston, and yet how could he insult Lord Loftus?

"Really," he said, rising, "this is most distressing. I hope and trust, Mr. Marston, that you will desist from annoying Lord Loftus at my table."

"Oh! as you want the truth, then," cried Marston, "I'll let you have it. There's too much bounce about Lord Loftus. He's made a pet of at dinner parties, and so——"

"You see," interrupted Lord Loftus, "I cannot remain with him; either he or I *must* leave the table, and I leave it to you, Mr. Desmond, and to our other friends here, which it shall be."

Ray's heart palpitated with intense violence.

"Really, Mr. Marston," cried Desmond, as a murmur of assent followed Lord Loftus' remarks—"really, you see which way opinion goes. Either you must retire, or it must break up my dinner party."

"So," exclaimed Marston, fiercely, "so *I* am to be turned out because this noble puppy here dislikes my conversation! I, who saved your life—I, who know what you are, you bankrupt black-leg—you murderer and hypocrite, you——"

He had no time to say more, for a glass of sherry was hurled across the table with unerring aim by the hand of Ray Desmond, who, as he did so, sprang across the room and seized Marston by the collar. Two of his friends dragged him away.

"Don't excite yourself, Desmond," cried one of them. "Settle this another time."

"We will," said Marston, with terrible calmness; "we will settle this another time. The man who would calmly allow the betrayer of his wife to go at large until he could find the opportunity of murdering him like a coward, is not to be personally feared. Let me explain myself, gentlemen——"

He had no time to do so. With a fierce movement, Ray dashed aside the friends who held him and opened the door. Then, in an instant, he seized Marston by the throat—and a heavy fall, and a loud groan, proclaimed that he had hurled his enemy from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Ray Desmond returned, flushed and excited, to his seat.

"Pray, gentlemen," he said, "do not allow this unpleasantness to interfere with our enjoyment. Let us drink a toast—'The health of Will-o'-the-Wisp.'"

The toast was responded to eagerly. Nearly every one in the room had won money by the "dark horse." But there was a gloom over the assembly. The disturbance sufficed to cast a damper upon enjoyment, and at an early hour the company separated. The mail phaeton was being got ready in the yard, when he sauntered to the gate with a cigar in his mouth, to glance down the road.

The world had changed for him. The ruin which had seemed to hover over him was passing away. His winnings that day far surpassed his former losings. He would now be able to pay all his debts and be independent of those who had held threats over him.

As he was thinking thus, he heard a voice say distinctly, "There he is; you have him now!"

At the same time three men rushed upon him and seized him rudely.

"What means this violence?" cried Desmond, endeavoring in vain to shake them off.

"It means," said one of the men, "that we are police officers and that we arrest you for the murder of Sir Lawrence Granville."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY C. E. C.

In April, 1863, I had occasion to travel through a good portion of central and eastern Kentucky as agent for a well known mercantile house in Cincinnati. It is perfectly unnecessary to add that the country was, as indeed it still is, very much unsettled, and abounding in lawless bands of depredators, who, under the guise of regulating the country, commit all sorts of outrages.

It was not my first trip there; I had been "drumming" several times through the same section, and my business this time was to make collections rather than sales. I was very careful not to make mention of this to any one, for I was well aware of the danger of having the reputation of carrying money. In actual truth, I rarely had much about me, for I made it a point to remit by drafts as fast as I collected. Still, it would have been as dangerous to be supposed to carry money as to really have it. So, as I have remarked, I was extremely reticent about my business.

As a matter of precaution, while going through these wild districts, I carried a revolver; but somehow I never felt any great fear, though I was constantly hearing of outrages. There was one place, however, at which I really did feel very anxious, and, as it resulted, not without sufficient cause.

It was at the town of Grundy, situated in Lawrence County, in the mountains, a few miles back from the Big Sandy river, and in certainly one of the most uncouth and thinly settled portions of the State. When leaving Louisa, the county seat, I had been warned that it was a particularly lawless and dangerous place, and was urged to forego my visit. But the only storekeeper of the village had been writing letters of inquiry to our house, and I felt that duty required the visit.

Accordingly I left Louisa on horseback, intending to come back the same day and then take a steamer down the Big Sandy for home; for the distance over to Grundy was but nine miles. Before leaving the former town I looked carefully to my revolver, and resolved to use it to my best ability if I were attacked.

It was a bright, warm morning for the season of the year that I began the ascent of the steep mountain road, or rather path, that led out of Louisa to my destination. I started about seven o'clock; but the road alternated between very steep hills and rough, creek covered valleys, and my progress, with the jogging country mare I was on, was therefore necessarily very slow. It was, consequently, nearly or quite eleven o'clock when I arrived there.

The village had not been described to me in very alluring colors; but it had been portrayed pretty faithfully. It consisted of some twenty-five or thirty scattered residences, principally log cabins, together with the inevitable country blacksmith shop, the store, and a tavern.

Towards this last I bent my way; and after having my horse put up I found that it was so near the early dinner hour of the house that I determined to defer my business till after dining, and then start back on my return. So I fell to reading a paper I had brought in my pocket to while away the time.

In about half an hour dinner was announced, and I partook of it in company with half a dozen others, whom I judged to be neighboring farmers. There was nothing to distinguish them from the general run of their class, unless, indeed, a little extra ignorance and uncouthness.

The meal finished, I left word to have my horse saddled, and then walked hurriedly over to the store; for I was tired of the place and anxious to get away, and I made sure that my business would only take a few moments.

I reached the shop and was disappointed. The proprietor, a man named Comm, had gone off to look at a farm some miles distant, and was certain to be absent until quite late in the afternoon. The woman who was in attendance was his wife, but she seemed very ignorant, and knew nothing at all of my business.

After coming this far I could not go back without seeing the man, so I reluctantly made up my mind that I must wait. I retraced my steps to the tavern, where I found my horse ready saddled, awaiting me. Having no other method of killing time I concluded to ride about the place and see what was worth viewing, if there was anything; which, in truth, seemed doubtful.

So I mounted and rode leisurely down the only street of the town in the direction opposite to that from which I had come.

Hitherto I had met no such rough or rowdy characters as I had been led to fear infested the town; for it had been reported to me at Louisa that Grundy was the headquarters of a small, but desperate band of Regulators. Just as I was going past one of the last houses in the village, however, I met and saluted two men with about as villainous and hang-dog expressions on their countenances as I had ever noticed. They were large, brawny fellows, and strutted along the road with a bravado air, that somehow half angered me, and was certainly extremely disagreeable. These things, joined to their dilapidated dresses of draggled grey, and a generally dirty look, were not calculated to excite general admiration.

I was too politic to let my feelings be seen, as a matter of course; it would not have been prudent to have been otherwise just then. So, with a polite bow, which was somewhat surlily returned, I went by them.

I should have mentioned that they were both afoot. After proceeding some fifty yards or so curiosity prompted me to glance back. To my surprise, and perhaps somewhat to my discomfort, I found that the two fellows had halted just where we had met, and were now looking after me. In fact as I turned I caught one of them in the act of pointing towards me.

I rode on, nevertheless, without affecting to notice them further, for about the same distance more. Then I took another peep back, to find that they had actually turned round and were following me! I confess I began to feel seriously alarmed. I was riding up a narrow valley, which seemed to be becoming even more cramped as I advanced, and there was certainly but the one road leading back to the town.

The road was very lonesome, too. Although but a little way from town, it was now running between a mountain and a creek, and there was no house to be seen near, while in front was a heavy wood, which probably extended for some distance.

I did not relish the idea of turning back just then, for I had no hopes of getting by my two friends in the rear without a conflict. Yet to go on might be much worse; for it was not at all improbable that there would be confederates of theirs ahead.

I cursed inwardly the rambling spirit which had brought me into this unpleasant dilemma. But as I could see nothing else to do, I kept on. I saw no particular reason for widening the distance between my two friends and myself, so I allowed my horse to keep on at her accustomed walk, at which pace they just about held their own, at a distance of about one hundred yards behind me.

In this way we proceeded until the borders of the wood I have spoken of were passed, and in a few moments more I felt certain that the intervening trees must screen me from their observation, though I could still obtain glimpses of them. I then stopped to watch them and to think.

I had scarcely halted when I noticed the men speak to each other, and then increase their pace to a very rapid walk. This was sufficient to remove any lingering doubt I might have entertained that they were in pursuit of me.

What was I to do?

To go any further from the town I was very much disinclined, for I made certain that it would not, in any manner, lessen the danger. The valley was rapidly narrowing, and I might be finally caught in a *cul de sac*. I was equally reluctant to meet them, for I knew that they must be armed, and two desperadoes were almost too great odds.

That I must decide quickly I saw at once; for they were approaching rapidly, and still more so in a few moments, when they increased their speed to a run.

Here at once the thought struck me that under cover of the wood I might be concealed till they should go by. What made the matter more easy was that the road took a sudden bend just behind me, and they would probably think I had turned it. At any rate I could think of nothing else, as I turned my horse into the wood at a rocky place where his hoofs would leave no impression, and went on some forty or fifty yards to a spot where a sudden fall in the ground concealed him from the road. There I dismounted, threw the reins over a bush and crept back to watch my pursuers.

And it was well I did so!

I had scarcely again got the road in view when they came running up. By some instinct of cunning they seemed to have anticipated some such ruse as I was attempting, for both suddenly stopped, and peered suspiciously down among the trees. I cowered back, making certain that they could not see me, but at the same time very nervous lest my horse might make some noise which might betray me.

The fellows proved to be very old birds indeed, and not to be caught without something more substantial than chaff. For, after consulting a moment, one of them remained to watch the forest, while the other ran up towards the bend in the road.

I saw instantaneously that I must get away at all hazards. So I crept back to my horse and began leading him down the hollow in a direction towards the town, though hardly in a dismetrical line. Fortunately the hollow I was in continued to the end of the wood, so that I could not be seen by my anxious friend out in the road. My only fear was that the horse might be heard upon the dry leaves, but luckily there was a sufficient breeze to keep up a light rustle through the wood. I had not many yards to go to clear the wood, and then I came to a rail fence, which I quickly let down and led my horse through, and immediately mounted. I had now a long, clear field before me, across which I started at a smart trot. After a time I glanced back, but could see nothing of my pursuers. So I turned to the right, and in a few minutes was once more out on the pike, blessing my lucky stars for such a quiet escape.

But the end was not yet, as I had cause to know.

I regained the tavern without accident, and without seeing anything more of the two men. Not having any particular desire to risk another collision with the fellows or any other of their stripe, I remained at the inn reading and writing until late in the afternoon, when I once more walked over to the store.

By this time the proprietor had returned, and my business with him, after a parley of perhaps half an hour, was satisfactorily settled. It was now well on to supper time and getting dusky, when I started back towards the tavern.

Just outside of the store I saw, to my horror, one of my two pursuers, who lounged towards me with a most insulting swagger as I came out.

"Hello," he cried at the same time, "you beat us back, didn't you? You couldn't wait for your friends."

At the same time he planted himself directly before me!

My mind was instantly made up, for I think I possess considerable firmness in moments of trial. It was not to be mistaken that he intended to quarrel. I knew that with fellows of his description it would do no good to attempt to conciliate, so I determined at once to take the aggressive. I therefore walked straight towards him, looked him directly in the eye, and answered calmly but sternly:—

"My friend, if you don't step aside out of my way, you'll find that you've caught the wrong customer."

He seemed somewhat staggered by my words and manner, but he still answered, with the same swagger:

"Maybe you want to raise a fuss about it?"

"I want you to get out of my way," I repeated.

I think the fellow saw that he could gain nothing by bandying words with me, so I saw him suddenly thrust his hand in his bosom, and at the same he shouted:—

"How will you like some of this?"

And with the words he drew a large hunting knife and sprang towards me. I had been expecting this, and as he did so I darted suddenly to the left, drawing, as I jumped, my Derringer, and leveling it. It was well that my motion had been so sudden, for, with my change of position I saw another man, who had been creeping up behind me, and who was, as I knew, the second of my pursuers.

My blood was now fairly up. This second man also flourished a knife, and I felt that it was to be my life or theirs, and therefore, without the least compunction, I leveled at the first ruffian and shot him fairly through the head!

He made one convulsive leap, and fell like a log.

The other villain, with a desperate curse, sprang upon me before I could turn to him, and drove his weapon into my left shoulder. I did not feel the cut for an instant, and grasped his wrist with my left hand to prevent another thrust. He caught me by the collar, and I was so much occupied for the moment in preventing him from throwing me that I actually forgot my revolver.

He was a powerful fellow, with a grip of iron; and though I took some little pride in my own muscular acquirements I began to fear that I could not keep my feet much longer. I clung to his wrist with the energy of desperation, and with all his endeavors he was unable to cut me a second time. But my wound was by this time deluging me with blood, and I felt that this could not last much longer.

Hitherto my right arm, with the revolver in my hand, had been around his neck. But now suddenly I withdrew it, and dashed my fist and the weapon together square in his face. The hammer of the pistol struck him in the left eye, and with a roar of agony he released me and sprang back.

That saved me!

Before he could recover from his fatal error, the faithful Derringer was cocked, pointed and fired!

It struck him to the heart. He fell and died in a few moments. It was well for me that the matter was settled when it was; for I had scarcely pulled the trigger when I became overcome with faintness from loss of blood, and fell between my two victims.

My wound turned out to be but a flesh one, and only resulted in detaining me in Grundy for a week. I had no trouble at all from the authorities. The affray had been witnessed by a number of the citizens, and I was not even called upon to stand an examination.

The two men whose earthly career I had so summarily ended were notorious desperadoes—so I was informed—named Tom Sharp and Burt Arden; and the people generally seemed heartily glad to have been rid of them.

As soon as able I rode over to Louisa, and from there took the first packet for home.

As a matter of prudence I have not been that way since, and I fancy will in a hurry.

M'LLE IRMA, of Bouffe Opera Troupe.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¾ "	for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 30 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
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Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

A. J. C., Eau Claire, WIS.—"S. F. W. and J. L. G. are talking over the election of 1860. W. says that Douglas got more *popular* votes than any other man running for President. G. says not. W. offers to bet $50. G. does not take it then, but next day goes and gets Horace Greeley's 'American Conflict,' and finds that *Lincoln* got more *popular* votes than Douglas. Then he goes to W. and offers to bet him that Douglas did not get the popular vote, if he will leave it to H. Greeley, but does not tell W. that he has just referred to Greeley, and consequently *knows* on what he is betting. W. takes him up and they put $50 each into my hands; then G. goes to H. Greeley's book and shows proof, and claims stakes. W. finds out that G. had just seen Greeley's book before betting, and orders me not to give up stakes. It is to be left to N. Y. CLIPPER whether I give up stakes to G. or W."..... Had G. accepted the wager when first offered by W., then he, G., would have been entitled to the stakes; but not having done so until he had fortified himself with proof in a very questionable and unsportsmanlike manner, our opinion is that G. is not entitled to the money, but that each man should have his own stake returned to him.

A. B. C., North Bridgewater, Mass.—"At a game of base ball, on the third or fourth innings, the players changed positions. The short stop was catcher, and the third baseman took the short stop's place, and the left fielder the third baseman's place. In the club contending was a left-hand striker. When this striker took the bat the players changed positions, the short stop taking the second base, the second baseman the right field outside the square. The third baseman played behind the pitcher and also the third base. One party bets the third baseman played short stop at the time the left hand striker was at the bat, and the other party claims the short stop did not, by changing his position from the usual position, forfeit his claim as short stop for the time being. Now the question is this—was the short stop, while playing second base, short stop? and, if not, who was?".....As you state the case, the third baseman was playing short stop.

"L," Woodstock.—"A is running between first and second bases. The ball is thrown to B on second; A, not having time to turn, dodges past B and heads for third, not having touched second, nor been touched by B. B, holding the ball on second, calls for judgment, and A, taking advantage of the call, again slips past, and stands now between first and second, and soon succeeds in touching second; nevertheless, A is decided out, although at no time has he either been touched by the ball, or been three feet from one or the other of the lines joining first and second, or second and third. Is he out, and why?".....Failing to touch second base, the player is out if the ball is held on the base.

LAWRENCE L., St. Louis, Mo.—1. In England, 18 miles by a special train, in 15 minutes, conveying the Duke of Wellington from Paddington to Slough. In America, 14 miles in 11 minutes, by the locomotive Hamilton Davis, with six cars attached, on the New York Central in 1855. A directors' train on the Buffalo and Erie line is said to have made the run from North East to Westfield, 15 miles, in 18 minutes, and from Hamburg to Buffalo, 10 miles, in 8 minutes, or at the rate of 78 miles an hour. This is the fastest time we have any record of. 2. That is all a matter of opinion—some, excel in one line, some in another. He is one of the best song and dance men on the stage.

F. D. R., N. Cassilton.—"1. Did the Athletic Club of Philadelphia play a match with the Atlantic, in which the score stood 28 to 8 in favor of the Athletic? 2. Did Berkenstock play with the Athletic in any match with the Atlantic last year? 3. Was there an attempt to play a game between the two above clubs at Philadelphia, but was impossible owing to the crowd? 4. Did not the Athletic go to New York to play the Atlantics, but the latter in the last moment refused to play them?".....1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. Yes.

K. K. K., St. Louis.—"A is on 1st base and B on second. The ball is pitched to the batter and A starts for 2d base and gets there. B starts for third, but the ball is thrown to third and he runs back to second, making A leave his second and go back to his first. Is it not a forced run and is B not out?".....Neither A nor B are out unless touched by the ball, as they were not forced.

GOSPEL, Bay City.—"1. What club does Wright, catcher of the National Club of Washington during season of 1867, belong to at present? 2. What club, if any, has superior outfielders to Chapman, Crane and McDonald, of the Atlantics? 3. Is there any man in the country that can fill the position of catcher better than Charlie Mills, of the Atlantics?".....1. Union Club. 2. We know of none. 3. None better, but quite a number as good.

CONSTANT READER, Troy.—"1. What was the score when the Haymakers played the Mutuals in New York, in 1866? 2. Has Rua the same style of delivery as Fabor? 3. Has Bierman left the Mutuals? 4. How long has Zettlein pitched for the Atlantics? 5. Are the Eckfords considered a first class club?".....1. The score was 15 to 13. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. Since 1866. 5. Yes.

J. M. M. C., Marion, Ala.—1. H. L., R, L and F. stand for hands lost, runs, left on bases and fly catches. 2. Peck & Snyder, 105 Nassau street, New York. 3. The first striker, after the third hand out (D) goes to the bat in the next innings. 4. Address A. H. Rogers, Corresponding Secretary, 66 Broad street, New York.

GEORGE SOUTH, Norwalk.—1. "The Seven Ages of Man" you will find in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act 2, scene 7. 2. The quotation:—"Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man: we had been brutes without you!" you will find in Otwky's play of "Venice Preserved," Act one, scene one.

CIRCUS, Jamestown.—"A hets B that No. 2 B. B. Club beats No. 2 ten runs. The umpire calls the game at the 8th innings, and the score stands 21 for No 2 and 27 for No. 1. Who wins?.....The score being 27 to 21, the person who bet on ten runs loses.

CORKS, B. B. C.—"A pitches a ball to B; and B, afraid that it will hit him, throws up his hand, touches the ball with his hand, the ball falls on the bat of B's *foul*, and is caught by C on the first bound. Is the striker out or not?".....The player was not out.

MARBLE HEART, Memphis.—The quotation:—"To die—to sleep—to sleep—perchance to dream—ay there's the rub. For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil," is in Shakespeare's Hamlet, and the emphasis is on the words "perchance to dream."

J. J. K., Urbana.—1. If elected President, General Grant will have to resign his military position. 2. Barnum's Museum has not been rebuilt since the fire and is no longer in existence. 3. There is no living gorilla in America, nor has there ever been one.

H. W., Haverhill.—1. Yes, the Unions were beaten on the 25th inst. See report in another column. 2. The Atlantics were champions before the Unions. 3. Eckfords were champions a few years ago. 4. McCoole is the heavier of the two.

JERSEY, Jefferson, Wis.—1. Dockney is now playing with the Mutuals, of this city. 2. If the party offering to assist does not order it up in the event of his partner declining his assistance, then the latter can go alone if the other players pass.

S. W., Lacrosse, Wis.—The greatest recorded standing jump is 12 ft. 8¾ in., by Bob Way. It has been stated that at the Caledonian picnic, near Milwaukee, Wis., lately, a man covered 14 ft. 1¾ in., but the statement is not properly authenticated.

HARRY.—The only advice we can give you is to make personal application to any one of the stage managers of the different theatres in this city. If you knew some one well acquainted with these gentlemen, he could push things for you.

ANXIOUS, Zanesville.—Our advice is to give up all idea of such a business in a city like New York; the fate of other young girls who have embarked in that line should be a warning to you.

MARYLAND, Baltimore.—The original Ravel Troupe came to this country over thirty years ago. This party and Mrs. Jane English's Ravel Troupe are the only ones that have appeared in this city by that name.

G. AND F., St. Louis.—1. As the bet, when made, was in regard to the University game, and there was no allusion made to the other, it is the winner. 2. The Unions were beaten in the first and the Freshmen nine the second of the Harvard College nines.

T. S.—Our opinion is that all games played from the time of the club leaving here until they ceased playing at Cincinnati, count; and that therefore R wins the wager. We decided a similar bet in the case of the Athletics.

I. G., Chestnut Hill.—If the trump has not been passed upon, our opinion is that the dealer takes the top card, and turns the next one up for trump. If it has been passed upon there must be a new deal.

J. M. H., Savannah, Ga.—B must pay the bet, as he had the same facilities for ascertaining the truth of the matter as A. Betting on a certainty does not invalidate a bet unless fraud has been practiced to induce the wager.

CHAS. CLARKE, Fort Hamilton.—1. The national debt of Great Britain is £700,000,000, and that of the United States about £400,000,000. 2. D'Israeli's grandfather was a Jewish Christian, and the present Prime Minister is the same.

C. P. L., Phila.—Take sulphur 4 oz., common fish oil ½ pint, spirits turpentine ½ pint. Mix and rub the dog thoroughly once a day.

HOW'S THAT, Frankfort, Ky.—1. Write to Peck & Snyder, 105 Nassau street. 2. Peters, of the Mutual nine, of 1867, is in Rome, Italy.

BALTIMORE.—Lilly not having been a member of the club thirty days, the game is null and void, according to Rule 5, section 2.

B. D., Chelsea.—You don't state whether the work on the horse you wish is to afford information on the diseases to which he is subject, or how to train and drive him.

J. M., Chicago.—There is no record of the time of either Flying Childers or Eclipse. Gladiateur ran 1 mile 17 yards in 1 minute 39 seconds.

CHARLIE, Philadelphia.—Sundown never ran at Rochester at all. He ran a mile at Rensselaer Park, Troy, in 1:47, not 1:43½.

KING JOHN, Clinton.—1. From her childhood she believed in the Jewish faith, we are informed, and died so. 2. Disease of the lungs.

J. W. D., Louisville, Ky.—Aaron Jones was born at a place near Shrewsbury, Eng., March 1, 1833. Mike McCoole was born at Ballahafar, County Donegal, Ireland, March 12, 1837.

VAN, Fort Wadsworth.—They are very well put together, and the jingle is better than three-fourths of those already in the market.

W. P. B., Trenton, N. J.—1. Dan Kerrigan was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1836, stands 5 ft. 6 in. and in condition weighed 130 lbs. 2. Not that we ever heard of.

SPORT, Hollyoke.—We cannot give the exact weight of Hannibal; however, he was the largest elephant ever seen in this country or Europe, and probably the largest that ever lived.

ENQUIRER.—He never received that much salary while at "44," but while with George Lea he received $150 a week, and refused $400, preferring to become his own manager.

H. McC.—1. He does not play in any club, although he may be a member of several. 2. Chiefly, the catcher of the Actives, Cleveland, Louisville.—1. We never heard of Hannibal Heenan having a rough and tumble fight. 2. C. M. Kelly is the champion leaper. See our circus summary.

ANTI-BRITISHER.—Jimmy Lafferty, the pugilist, died from the effects of several slug-shot wounds received at the hands of a gang in New Orleans.

J. T.—Tom Dobbinson, of the Beach House, Fort Hamilton, died with lockjaw from being accidentally hit in the head with a quoit.

F. M. R.—With some players the dealer has the privilege, but the point should be agreed upon before commencing the game.

A. S. T., Hartford.—Will probably appear in our next. It came too late for this issue.

E. C. G., Memphis.—We have more original poetry than we can find room for.

ERNST.—Get Charles Peverelly's work. It is advertised in another column.

NEPTUNE, Louisville.—You are entitled to both—the pair and the pair-royal.

U. S., Philadelphia.—1. A number of them were in the "Black Crook" in this city. 2. She is not married.

SAM HOW, Providence.—1. The license for a humorist is $10 a year for each state. 2. Ordinary dinner places are used.

J. F. C., Centralia, Ill.—If the club has not disbanded they must still be considered members until they have resigned.

AUBREY, Chicago.—There is no such thing as a reward offered in England for a Queen Anne farthing. It is said that the popular error arose from the fact that no farthings were issued in that reign.

T. P., Winona, Minn.—B wins, for draw poker is a "show game," and although the practice of a player calling his hand wrong is very reprehensible, yet his hand shows for itself.

C. C., Augusta, Ga.—You can obtain a printed copy of the new rules of the ring by enclosing 25 cents and stamp to this office.

W. T. B., Chicago.—1. A wins, with his Jack turned up. 2. The non-dealer scores the point for game. 3. Morrisania is the proper way.

W. G. Y., Worcester.—Flora Temple's wagon time has been beaten by Dexter.

J. C., Boston, Mass.—The referee having decided in favor of Scott, the latter is entitled to the stakes.

DOMINO.—In the block game, a player, if he holds a piece that will play, is compelled to do so; he cannot pass.

S., Providence.—By referring to your back papers you will find the performances of those given in full.

E. L. B. D., Rochester.—The winner had no right to the pin until the time for its redemption had expired.

"C. H. J."—You will perceive that we already get the items from your city.

"A. R. C."—1. The Scotch games come off on the 3d inst. 2. Your items are always acceptable.

J. O. B., Columbia, S. C.—Say what game you were playing, and repeat the question.

L. S., Bath.—As you do not desire notoriety in that line you had better let the subject drop where it is.

ELMORE COUNTY.—You can, no doubt, get the map at Appleton & Co.'s, No. 90 Grand street, N. Y.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—There must be a new deal, but the dealer does not lose his privilege.

C. H.—We never ask favors of such parties, and therefore cannot aid you in the matter.

A CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER.—Thanks for items, although Toronto was too old; Ottawa made use of, however.

HOLYOKE SPORT.—1. He will probably make a trial this fall. 2. He is one of the swiftest. 3. No.

G. R., New York.—Three sixes beat three aces in throwing raffles with dice.

W. H. B., Paterson.—You can buy gold fish in any of the bird stores in Chatham or William streets.

ALLEGHENY CITY.—B has the privilege of going alone, having made the trump. D cannot go alone.

BROWN STONE FRONT.—We have more of that sort than we can find space for.

ALPHA, Philadelphia.—"The American Hoyle" contains the best.

N. P., Detroit.—He was not with her at the time of her death; he is here; the child—an adopted one—is on the other side.

OLD HICKORY.—For each insertion $1.05, or $10.92 for thirteen times, in advance.

J. F. S., Louisville, Ky.—1. The Atlantic is so regarded. 2. Yes.

CRICKETER.—They won all their matches, which were against twenty-twos. There were no elevens strong enough for them.

AMATEUR PED.—We know nothing about these championship paper running matches.

O. E. G., Norfolk, Va.—J. F. Murphy, Box 3,550, New York.

LOGANSPORT.—It is too old to be of interest now.

E. H., St. Louis.—We never issue such letters.

KNIGHT, Youngstown, O.—D cannot play it alone on C's make.

J. F. M., Quebec, C. E.—Much obliged for attention.

GIBSON, St. Louis.—The Jack counts one for A.

E. H. F., Troy.—See in another column.

LOCKPORT.—We know of no such book.

PUGH-GILISTIC.—Hon. George E. Pugh has been making stump speeches in Cincinnati, and the *Commercial* of that city has been taking him to task, and the result has been some sharp *sparring* between them, the Honorable George being evidently no *Pugh-ny* antagonist, and the editor has had no easy time in *boxing* such a *Pugh-pill*. We are glad to see, however, that no foul language has been used; in this respect nothing could be *Pugh-er*. Well, whether or not ex-Senator George's speeches be *Pugh-erile*, and not of the right metal—in short, mere *Pugh-ter*—no one can accuse him of *Pugh*-silanimity!

A FUNNY CHAP.—"Our Jim" has a very fine conceit of himself; in fact, considers that he is a brilliant of the first water. We caught him the other day, just after a weak effort to shave, perpetrating an ode to himself, which the fates decreed should never be completed. He had but one line written when we destroyed it, and that ran as follows:—

"Full many a Jim of purest razor in—"

A STRAY SHEEP.—Rev. Henry Wendt, formerly superintendent of an Orphans' Home, at Germantown, Pa., who was sentenced to a term of fifteen years' imprisonment for taking liberties with little girls under his care, has just taken liberties with the jailors. Wendt went quietly out of the prison, and is now, probably, on his way to Europe. Suppose this had been some "brutal prize fighter?" But no; prize fighters never take such liberties as the reverend gentleman was convicted of taking.

END OF THE WICKEDEST MAN'S WICKEDNESS.—John Allen, the "Wickedest," closed his dance house at 12 o'clock on Saturday night last, as a dance house, and the following notice was posted on the door of 304 Water street:—

"THIS DANCE HOUSE IS CLOSED.

"No gentlemen admitted unless accompanied by their wives who wish to employ Magdalens as domestics. JOHN ALLEN."

THE REPUBLICANS, while discussing the question of our finances, and cash payments, seem to put great *trust* in Grant, which is much to his *credit!*

SEE IT?—We have the best of reasons for believing that although the Democracy are now confessedly Blair-eyed, they have every confidence of being able to see more in the White House.

"OUR JIM," having heard that in the old days many of the poems were called Epics, thoughtfully suggests that in these times not a few of them deserve to be called Epi-taphs.

THE GRECIAN BEND.—Our friend, Miles Donohue, gives us a beautiful specimen of the Grecian bend while going up a ladder with a load of bricks.

"THEY SAY" that a society is shortly to be formed in this city for the amelioration of the condition of hash eaters and lunch routers.

THE ONE GREAT SUBJECT in which a German *will* have his dog-ma's is that of—sausage!

HARD TO KEEP DOWN.—Beef, since the cattle disease has made its appearance.

"WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE"—After it has gone through a *flour* mill!

"HOW TO ELEVATE THE POOR"—Keep on building eight and ten story tenement houses.

GRINDING THE CORN—Treading on your neighbor's tight-booted foot.

ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

At this period of the world's history, the light of science, slowly but surely dispelling the relics of barbaric gloom, makes a double on its luminous *track* in its onward course; observing which, at the first blush, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Marryatt's boatswain was correct with his doctrine of the inevitable recurrence of things. The Greek and Roman athlete and the medieval aspirant to knightly honors, through special training of the body, succeeded in eliminating, through muscle in one case, the creation of all that is beautiful in the sculptor's art, and, in the other, the production of men whose deeds and powers are to this day the subject of our special wonderment. War, the mainspring to the efforts which led to these results, however, can no longer serve as the pretext for the special physical training required in the gladiator or the knight. The motive of a return to the practices of ancient and medieval "muscle, men," springs from the much higher source of "Peace on earth and good will to all men." The world of science and of progress believes that a sound body and a sound mind are desirable. It believes that an unsound body and an unsound mind is the rule where a condition of disease, either in body or mind, obtain in the same person. It knows that midnight oil and tobacco burners, guzzlers of alcohol, and "purely intellectual" people, generally, are humbugs. Schools of medicine and of divinity, physicians and divines, announce more emphatically, day by day, the importance to human happiness of a proper care of the body. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, the clear cut complexion, and elastic step of health, give, as a collective result, that peace of mind which shines from out the cheerful countenance of the strong, healthy, and consequently happy man.

Early rising, bathing, games and exercises, having the development of the physique in view, are receiving at this time as much thought as did the subject of the philosopher's stone among the alchemists of the olden time. Our British cousins have long ago recognized the importance of physical culture, and they have carried this subject, practically, far toward the limit of the possible. In this country, until within a period of twenty-five years, such sports and pastimes were frowned down or discouraged by pseudo-utilitarians, narrow minded, penny-wise-pound-foolish folk; but thanks to schoolhouses and newspapers, to the lecture room, and to more generally diffused notions of liberal economy, this type of humanity is being rapidly strangled in the brawny grips of growing "Young America." Boat, base ball and athletic clubs are now talked about and speculated upon at the fireside, in the counting-house, and at the work-bench; and another generation cannot fail to give evidence of the great benefits to be derived from a proper performance of the duties to the body.

On Thursday evening last, a number of gentlemen, well known lovers of physical exercises and of athletic sports, met at the Knickerbocker Cottage, on Sixth avenue, for the purpose of taking the necessary steps in the formation of an athletic club, after the model of the London and Liverpool clubs. An election of temporary officers resulted in the choice of the following named gentlemen: J. Edward Russell, president; John C. Babcock, V. P.; Charles S. Kingslay, secretary, and Henry Buermeyer, treasurer. Various committees were appointed, and the meeting adjourned to Tuesday, September 8th, at 8 P. M., at same place.

At this meeting, officers for the ensuing year will be elected, and arrangements made to inaugurate a series of games, to be held at an early moment, and open to all gentlemen amateurs. We call the attention of our readers to this meeting, and such of them as desire to join an association of this character will do well to attend. The lack of groundsland accommodations, where amateur contentions in sprint and distance running, high and broad jumping, hurdle racing, wrestling, boxing, etc., can be indulged in in the comparative privacy of the club, is a want which has long gone unsatisfied among our citizens. The gentlemen who have the organization in hand, the many under consideration for some time past, and they will bring the last management experience and enthusiasm, which should not fail to secure a happy result.

EUCHRE PLAYING MATCH.—The cartel of J. Kinnerty, of Brooklyn, defying the 20th Ward Barnum to produce a man to play him a match game at euchre, has brought forth a rejoinder from the New Yorker, and the first of the series is to take place at the new Eagle Shades, Underhill ave., Brooklyn, Friday evening, Sept. 4, at 8 P. M. The second contest comes off at the Bressers Shades, West 41st street, N. Y., on the Friday following, Sept. 11th, at the same hour. Fifty dollars a side each game is the amount at stake.

SWIMMING FESTIVAL.—The annual swimming festival and picnic of Prof. Gebhard's Natatorium, foot of East Sixty-sixth street, was held at Union Park, Sixty-third street and East river, on Saturday, 29th ult., and proved a truly enjoyable affair to the large number of ladies and gentlemen who attended. The exercises embraced jumping, diving and walking in the water, swimming for prizes, a grand aquatic carnival and whale hunt. The scene was brilliantly illuminated with calcium and Roman lights.

Sporting Squibs.

— At Bangor, Me., there is a man who is so industrious that he has his garden lighted by gas, in order that he may weed his vegetables at night.

— The first snow of the season fell on the 21st ult. at the White Mountains, N. H. On the 26th it fell upon Mt. Anthony, Vt.

— A snake twenty-three feet long was killed a short time since at Willoughby Lake, Vt.

— What a dull place Salem must be for fast youths! There is said to be neither grog shop nor *maison de joie* in it.

— A pelican killed in Sauk Centre, Wis., measured five feet from bill to tip, and had a wing-spread of eight and a half feet.

— At Thompsonville, Conn., there is a tradesman who sells rum in the basement, groceries and provisions on the first floor, and coffins on the second. We suggest that as a drunken man is more likely to break his neck by falling down stairs than up, the rum should be sold on the first floor and the coffins in the basement.

— It has been proposed that the petite sailing craft, about which so much was *Re(a)d*, while all around it was *Blue*, and which has been gradually turning *White* under the sun at Greenhithe, Eng., be purchased by subscription, and placed at anchor upon the waters of St. James Park, London. Should the plan mature the captain of the "Red, White and Blue" will be given the proceeds.

— The Ku-Klux-Klan are a very considerate body. When they set out to kill a man they take picks and shovels along to bury what is left of him.

— For a wager of $100, an Englishman recently traveled five miles in an hour. One mile was run, one was walked, in the third and fourth respectively he wheeled and trundled a hoop, and in the fifth he hopped on one leg. He won with two minutes to spare.

— It is estimated that this year $400,000 have been offered as prizes on the various race tracks in the United States.

— In Utah, grasshoppers devour window curtains. Sometimes the modest saints wake up to discover that the insects have been making whist, after contemplating the perforated curtains, Henry Ward Beecher would call "a *holey* show of 'em."

— The fisheries of Newfoundland are getting played out.

— The noted spiritualist, Robert Dale Owen, is credited with having introduced "Planchette" here ten years ago. There is a *dale owein'* to him for it.

— An exchange says that McCoole got married in order to train for his "contemplated" fight with Coburn. "Our Jim," who was never spoiled through a sparing of the rod, remarks, that as a rule wives make good trainers—after they become mothers.

— The Chinamen of Grass Valley, Cal., have established there a nobby gambling house, with a bar conducted upon the American principle.

— A Wisconsin youth has a queer palate, which he tickles by eating potato bugs.

— The patronage bestowed upon Long Branch, Cape May, Newport, etc., is as nothing compared to that enjoyed by a watering place in this city. It is at Sixth street, on the line of Third avenue railway, and to say nothing of nine hundred horses, 20,000 people stop there every day.

— Whenever they wish to open a new graveyard in Chicago they first scare body. The number of graveyards there has never been ascertained. They have, however, planted the number of saloons." It is one thousand three hundred and fifty-five.

— Whales are believed to live 1,000 years, elephants are known to have lived 400, swans 300, ravens 130 and horses 62. The nine lives of a cat entitle it to last 15 years. Hogs seldom reach 20, although a neighbor of ours, who was "a hog all his life," died a short time since at the advanced age of 65.

— Enough grapes to make 25,000 gallons of wine have been raised within ten miles of St. Joseph, Mo., and it is expected that the same vineyard will shortly yield 100,000 gallons. In these days of vile adulterations and villainous compounds the American drinker's only hope of salvation lies in the cultivation of the grape.

— Lynxes abound in Schuyler Co., Mo. An exchange says that "three recently killed and *drowned* a boy who was working in a field." Possibly they devoured him.

— A horse doctor in Illinois has been convicted of making business for himself. It was his practice to go about at night poisoning farmers' horses and mules. In the morning he would make the only reparation in his power—cure the animals for a high fee.

— A German *sangast*, who pretends to have got the thing down fine, at least theoretically, assures us that there are exactly 41,435,556 devils, exclusive of the Old Boy himself. James Jams, Esq., who has got the thing down practically, says that more than that number are contained in a bottle of whiskey purchased at any Jersey hotel.

— The French wine-crop, it is thought, will this season be in excess of fifteen hundred millions of gallons. Last year it amounted to one hundred and fifty gallons less.

— English sparrows are becoming common in our shaded streets, as well as in the charming gardens of the suburbs.

— In Chicago the ladies have adopted the "Grecian bend." Whether on foot or horseback, they bend so much that, upon meeting an acquaintance, they have to dispense with the customary salutation.

— A new word has been added to the technology of billiards. It is *Foster*, and it means—"to protest."

— The question, "What are mosquitoes good for?" having been thus answered—"To make mankind thankful, because they might have been bed-bugs"—another query is now pertinent: "What is good for mosquitoes?" The latest answer is: "Petroleum—it drives them away."

— The drouth in England has led to a rise in the price of milk, the vendors excusing themselves on the ground that water is scarce. Housewives here complain of an abundance of water, but a scarcity of milk.

— It is related as a fact that toward the close of a twenty-hour sitting at cards, between the English statesman Fox and a noble lord, a servant had to stand by to wake either up when his deal came round.

— In getting left by her competitors, the yacht Sappho did but observe the tradition attaching to her name. The goddess herself was "left" by Phaon, the Metylene youth, whom she doted upon. There is this difference between the two, however: The yacht "threw" herself in the sea, and was left afterwards; the goddess waited until she had been left before throwing herself into the sea.

— Novelty is the parent of pleasure. In Michigan they have begun to play base-ball on horseback.

— A young Bostonian is reported to have drawn $30,000 in the Havana lottery a few days since.

— The Continental Hotel and Stetson House, Long Branch, have been rummaged lately by thieves. The guests at the former lost $5,000, and at the latter $10,000.

— A gay gambulier, a fair feminine, well known on the Paris stage, is reported as having recently lost 6,000 Napoleons at Homburg. May be its Humbug.

— A Russian, M. Narishkine by name, is running the bank at Baden, besides which he has a heavy side bet with another Russian that he wins the most money of the two.

— Two heavy coachmen got on the scales the other day at Boston, when one 'a avoirdupois was found to be 258lbs. and the other's 279lbs. Alas poor horses! Have they no society to prevent cruelty to animals at the Hub?

— The blind staggers is a very prevalent ailment with the equines of Maryland, just now.

— George T. Bonner, a Broad street broker and a devout follower of Izaak Walton, landed a 28lb. salmon from the Restegouche, New Brunswick, recently.

— Pollock fishing with hook and line is a prevalent sport at St. John, N. B., just now.

— A premium is to be awarded for the most perfect baby at the Cedar Co., Ia., fair.

— $20,000 has been bet in Boston that the cotton crop will not be more than 2,500,000 bales.

— Mrs. Partington says that because some *ballet* girls are stars they need not be considered heavenly bodies.

— A forty pound shark was caught by Miss Emily Firth at Atlantic City, a few days since.

— Two men of Shelburne, Ind., went out on a turkey hunt; one of them imitated the turkey call so well that his companion sent a bullet after him, which killed him instantly, and he never "said turkey" again.

— An alligator, recently escaped from a menagerie in Illinois, is on the war path after chickens and other light game.

— There are 2,053 gymnastic societies in Germany, numbering in all 200,000 members.

— Awful Gardner, the reformed pugilist, is said to be settled on a farm in Western New York.

— Kirby Smith is about to open a military academy for boys at Newcastle, Ky.

— The sportsmen of the province of Archangel, Russia, for the past season, shot about 400,000 squirrels, 22,000 ermines, 40,000 hares, 3,000 white or sky blue foxes, 375 wolves, 200 bears, 70,000 brace of woodcocks, 10,000 wild geese and ducks, and 12,000 swans. Game must be plenty there.

— At the State Museum in Albany, N. Y., they have Ellsworth's uniform and two suits of Japanese armor on exhibition.

— Goulding was stopped from prosecuting his 1,000 quarter miles in 1,000 quarter hours, in Chatham street, on the evening of the 28th, by the police.

— Hon. John Morrissey denies that he has any wagers on Grant's election.

— The trotting horse George Palmer has been sold for $15,000.

— A race took place at Lincoln, Ill., on the 24th ult., a man having been matched to run 220 yards while a horse ran 440 yards. The man won.

SCOTTISH GAMES IN BOSTON.

The annual games of the Scottish Club, of the Modern Athens, were celebrated at Fresh Pond Grove, near that city, on Thursday, August 27th, and compared favorably, in interest and the attendance of spectators, with any previous affair of the sort. The club left their armory on Cambridge street at half-past 8 o'clock in the morning, and with about a dozen representatives of the Caledonia Club, of New York, and several from Portland, Montreal and St. John, numbered about one hundred and twenty-five men. They were accompanied by Crystey's Band and the bag-pipers of the club, and marched through several of the principal streets to Bowdoin Square, where they took the cars for the scene of festivity. Among the competitors for honors and prizes was a gentleman from Montreal who soon became prominent among the number, for it was soon found that he was one of that happy kind who can combine profit with pleasure, for he showed himself a champion in almost the fullest sense of the term, as he took nearly every one of the first prizes, which, by the way, ranged from $3 to $8. They were awarded as fast as won, and the successful competitors, together with a brief mention of their feats, are given below in order:—

Putting the Heavy Stone—First prize—W. L. Campbell, of New York, distance 34ft 9in; 2d prize, Alexander Green, New York, distance 32ft 8in.

Putting the Light Stone—First prize—Peter Fraser, Montreal, 42ft; 2d prize, Alexander Green, 40ft 3in.

Standing Jump—1st, Peter Fraser, 9ft 10½in; 2d, W. L. Campbell, New York, 9ft 8¼in.

Throwing Heavy Hammer—1st, Peter Fraser, 78ft 3in; 2nd, W. L. Campbell, 78ft 3in.

Throwing Light Hammer—1st, W. L. Campbell, 91ft 8½in; 2d, Peter Fraser, 90ft 6½in.

Running Jump—1st, Peter Fraser, 15ft 10in; 2d, Andrew Smeaton, Boston, 15ft 8½in.

Highland Fling—1st, John Taylor, New York; 2d, L. D. Robertson, New York.

Long Race—1st, A. Campbell; 2d, Wilson Campbell.

Short Race—1st, Peter Fraser; 2d, Wilson Campbell.

Running Leap—1st, Peter Fraser, 21 ft.; 2d, W. S. Campbell, 20.

Boys' Race—1st, William Arler; 2d, R. Thompson.

Three Legged Race—1st Wilson Campbell and Robert Stevenson; 2d, James Kelso and Andrew Campbell.

Tossing the Caber—1st, Peter Fraser, 35ft 7in; 2d, John McRae, 35 feet.

Bagpipe Competition—1st, Alexander Murray; 2d Peter Bowman.

Broadsword Dance—1st, John Taylor, 2d, Robert Williamson.

Hurdle Race—1st, Peter Fraser; 2d, Wilson Campbell.

Sack Race—1st, Robert Stevenson; 2d, James Kelso.

Standing High Leap—1st, W. L. Campbell; 2d, Peter Fraser.

"WORDEN HOUSE."—Mr. Geo. P. Worden, late of Bowery and Bayard street, has just secured a lease of two buildings at the corner of Houston and Crosby streets, which he is now fitting up and furnishing entirely new, and which he expects to be ready to open for the reception of guests on or about the 1st of October. It will bear the name of "Worden Hotel."

TEN PIN MATCH.—A match at ten pins, said to be for one thousand dollars a side, took place at Muskegon, Mich., recently, between Joseph Shine, a noted expert at the game in that section, and H. F. Dalton, the Pedestrian. The latter won by two pins.

"MENKEN."

The Death—Funeral—Incidents, etc.

Up to this time but few particulars have been received concerning the death of Adah Isaacs Menken, which, as we stated in our last, took place at her hotel in Paris, on Monday, Aug. 10th, in the presence of a few of her more intimate friends. As expected to have received, ere this, a letter from the confidant and constant attendant of Miss Menken during her travels in this country and in Europe, but nothing has, so far, come to hand except the few items we find in our foreign files.

THE FUNERAL.

The Paris *Figaro* says the attendance at Adah Isaacs Menken's funeral was far from being what might have been expected. A few actors were present, and several of the female attendants at the theatre where Menken had been engaged, but not one actress. The horse, too, on which Menken had been in the habit of performing, appeared in the procession, "led by a gentleman in black." "But where," inquires the *Figaro*, "were all her comrades, all the journalists who were never tired of praising her beauty and her talent?" The *Figaro* can only be answered, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the words of Martin, who, when Candide asked him how stage queens were treated in France, replied, "On les adore quand elles sont belles, et on les jette, a la voirie quand elles sont mortes"—"while they are pretty we adore them, and when they die we forget them."

MENKEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Rest for the weary one,
Gone in her summer bloom—
Wayward and beautiful—
To the dark tomb.

Press down the snowy lids
Veiling the glorious eyes,
Death-blind to praise or blame,
Lowly she lies.

Fair brow and peerless form,
Thrilling with sensuous life—
Great heart and passionate,
Rest from the strife.

Sleep for the tired one,
Far from life's evil ta'en—
Far from its censure storm
Beating in vain.

Prayers for the tempted heart,
Loving, but sorely prest;
Earth take the earthly part,
God take the rest

Wreath the dark curling-head
With the sad immortelle,
Give to the lovely dead
Burial and Bell.

NELLIE M. LESLIE.

We have received many letters from parties who have been recipients of Adah's bounty, all speaking in the highest terms of her generous nature and goodness of heart. We have also received the following letter from Boston, which requires no comment at our hands:—

THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—It was with considerable regret that I learned through the papers of the death of Miss Menken. She was an intimate friend of my wife and wife during her residence in England. I had opportunities of judging of her character, and as far as I knew anything of her doings, apart from her theatrical career, I can vouch for all you say respecting her truly humanitarian and generous nature. An incident I herein mention will illustrate slightly at least her beautiful charitable nature. I knew a family of Americans who settled in England, husband, wife and daughter—the two former of the literary profession, the latter a precocious child of great promise. They had the misfortune to be poor—certainly not a desirable thing in a strange land. To add to their heavy sorrows the child was taken sick and died. Grief and poverty brought their weight of agony, and all seemed dark, with no ray of light to stimulate hope. In this hour of tribulation a ministering angel came, laid out the dead child in her coffin, placed flowers upon her breast, and—crowning proof of genuine sympathy—paid she whole expenses of the funeral. Whom, think you, performed the angelic part in this little domestic drama? No other than the slandered Adah Isaacs Menken.

It is not my mission to fling stones with the self-righteous at the children of sin and folly. I have no word of defence for either, but I trust, at least, I have appreciation for heroic deeds, such as the one I have briefly described. I may add that I had the rare privilege of listening at times to readings from the poets from the lips of Miss Menken, and in no instance did I visit her, or she us, without feeling spiritually the better for it. She once said, in a passion of emotion, "Do you know, Mr. Powell, I often feel as though I had two souls, one grovelling on the earth, the other soaring in Heaven; and you don't know how I love a man who teaches me the right way." Poor girl! I felt then, and do so now, that she was "more sinned against than sinning."

What deep struggles with circumstances caused her to make the above exclamation, I can only imagine, not describe. She has dropped into the grave in the spring of life. Whilst the flowers decorate her tomb, let us rather treasure all that is good of her than otherwise, remembering that the best of us are but frail sojourners in a world of antagonisms and misconceptions. I firmly believe that in the hereafter, whither we are all tending, the beautiful part of Miss Menken's nature will win her a position which the multitude of the Pharisees who declaim against her may not immediately after death hope for.

54 Hudson st., Boston, Aug. 24, 1868. J. H. POWELL.

A WELL-EARNED COMPLIMENT FROM CHAS. DICKENS.

From the London Star.

The death of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, in Paris, will attach peculiar interest to a volume of semi-religious poems in the press, which will be published in a few days under the title of "Infelicia," and dedicated by special permission to Mr. Charles Dickens.

mile Sleety fell back, hopelessly beaten, and on going along the backstretch, Fanny went up and challenged Yorke for the lead, raced with him a few strides, and, amid loud cheering, passed him. At the half mile pole she was two lengths ahead, but Yorke, running with great gameness, closed gradually upon her, and was only beaten a length at the finish, in 5:41¼. Sleety was a long way out, but the distance judge not being at his post, she was not ruled out.

SECOND HEAT.—The horses all cooled off well. Fanny Cheatham now sold for $1,050, General Yorke $650, and Sleety $100. The latter went off with the lead, and held it throughout the first mile, passing the score three lengths before General Yorke, in 1:54½; the latter two lengths before Cheatham. Sleety still kept in front until turning into the quarter stretch on the second mile, when Fanny and Yorke both shot past her, and she fell hopelessly behind; Fanny going under the string a length ahead of the chestnut colt in 3:48¾. The race was now virtually over, for Fanny held her lead throughout, and won by three lengths in 5:43¾; Sleety distanced.

FANNIE CHEATHAM, for all ages, three mile heats, best two in three; winner of the Grand National Stake, or the four mile dash at Saratoga, 7 lbs. extra.

T. G. Moore's b f Fannie Cheatham, by Lexington, dam Laura Conyers, by imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs	1 1
Jerome Park Stable's ch e Gen. Yorke, 5 yrs, by Pizarro, dam Alpine by Jeff Davis	2 2
J. Eckerson's b f Sleety, by Rogers, dam Angeline by imp. Albion, 4 yrs old	3 dis

Time.	First Mile.	Two Miles.	Three Miles.
First heat	1:50¼	3:47	5:41¾
Second heat	1:54¾	3:48¾	5:43¾

THE SEQUEL STAKES.—For two year olds; $100 each, h. ft., and $350 added; winner of the Hopeful Stakes, 5 lbs. extra.

F. Morris' b c Narragansett, by Eclipse, dam Arlington mare	1
T. G. Moore's ch c, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G	2
M. H. Sanford's b f Joke	3

Time, 1:48¾.

THE FIFTH RACE

was a sweepstakes for gentlemen riders' hacks, dash of one mile, and was won by C. Livingstone's Black Knight, beating easily four others in 1:54¾.

SWEEPSTAKES for hacks, gentlemen riders, dash of one mile, to carry 150lbs or upwards, $100 entrance, h. ft.

C. Livingston's bl g Black Knight	1
J. K. Lawrence's b m Ruby	2
G. P. Weimore's b m Caprice	3
F. S. G. d'Hauteville's ch m Content	4
J. V. Parker's ch m Relief	5

Time, 1:53¾.

TROTTING AT RIVERSIDE.—A trot took place at the Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., on the 24th ult., of which we give the summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, Monday, August 24.—Purse $300; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Harry Bradley named ch m Belle Strickland	1 1 1
Lon Morris named br g Detective	2 2 2

Time, 2:38½; 2:47¾; 2:39½.

At the close of the above race a match for $100 was trotted by Baxter's roan mare and Beckler's bay mare Belle, mile heats, best two in three, and was won quite easily by Belle in 3:01¾ and 2:54¾.

FIFTY-ONE trotting horses have been entered for the races of the New England Fair of New Haven, Ct., which takes place this week, beginning on the 1st inst.

For the $1,500 purse of the New England Fair, to be competed for on the 4th inst., Rhode Island, George Palmer, and George M. Patchen are entered; and for the stallion premium of $1,500, on the 1st inst., Columbus, Navigator, Rhode Island, and George M. Patchen compete.

THE entries for the Springfield, Mass., races close on the 1st inst.

AQUATICS.

SCULLING MATCH ON THE HUDSON.

MEKIEL DEFEATS RAYMOND.

The match made between John Mekiel, of Cold Spring, N. Y., and Jared T. Raymond, of Sing Sing, immediately after the defeat of Charley Ward by the latter for the second time, in their third race on the 17th ult., was decided on the Hudson, opposite the abiding place of the obstreperous characters, on the after noon of Tuesday, August 25th. Mekiel was twenty-five years of age on St. Patrick's Day last, is 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and weighed about 143 pounds. He had previously participated in a number of single and double scull and four-oared races, the principal ones being with Henry Coulter and John Tyler, Jr., both of which he lost. Raymond is three years younger, 6 ft. 1¼in. in stature, and weighed about 160 pounds. He was brought prominently before the public by the contests between the Wards and Harvards, he constituting one of the former crew. The only prior single scull races of note in which he engaged, were with Charley Ward, winning two and losing one, in consequence of one of his outriggers being injured. The conditions of the match were that the men should row a three mile race in working boats, not to exceed 17 feet 5 inches in length, for $200 a side, but the course pulled over, lacked, it is said, something of being two and three quarter miles in length. The weather was just such as the heart of boating man could wish for upon the day for a race—cool and pleasant, while the bosom of the river was scarce disturbed by the light, though refreshing breeze which prevailed. Sing Sing was all agog with excitement, its gallant sons and beauteous daughters generally making a holiday of the occasion, while delegations were present from other towns within convenient distance, as well as from the metropolis, all combining to make up quite a large assemblage. Jared Ward was there, as also several of his brothers, and others from Cornwall; James Lee, George, Mc Cloud, Nelse Kirk, Ed. Fitzgerald, Charley Moore, John Blue and several more from New York; Tim Donohue, of Newburg, with some fellow townsmen; and James Delaney, Mekiel's backer, at the head of a strong squad from Cold Spring. The betting was about even, slight odds being in some instances given on Mac, and considerable sums were staked on the issue. H. T. Brown and John Peck officiated as judges and Hank Ward filled the office of referee. The men were called into line shortly after two o'clock P. M., Mekiel rowing the John Ogden, 17 feet 5 inches long and weighing 60lbs, while Raymond was seated in the Zig-Zag, built by Faaron, of Newburg, 17 feet 5 inches long and weighing 37lbs. Jared had the choice of position and chose that next the judges' boat. At the crack of the pistol they got off nicely, Mekiel not pulling as rapidly nor starting as quickly as he usually does. The boats remained about even until nearly opposite the steamboat dock, when the Cold Spring lad threw more vigor into his strokes, and, increasing their rapidity, drew inch by inch away from his stalwart antagonist until ere half a mile had been pulled clear water was visible between the boats. Driven forward by the powerful arms of their skillful occupants, nerved and stimulated to greater exertions by the shouts of friends on shore, the boats sped faster and faster down stream, dashing the clear water in a silvery shower from their delicate prows, Mac lowering gradually farther and farther away from the brawney armed Jared, and rounding the stakeboat about three lengths to the good. Raymond made several grand spurts on the homestretch, but they were unavailing, as Mekiel was equal to the emergency and gave stroke for stroke, adding slightly to his lead, and crossing the line a winner in twenty-one minutes and thirty seconds. His victory was honorably acknowledged by Raymond as he hailed with a hearty enthusiasm by friends, who, after he stepped from his boat, carried him off bodily. Thus ended one of the most exciting aquatic encounters which has taken place at Sing Sing since the great four-oared race.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL RACE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HUMBER CREW.

No allusion is made in the last issue of *Bell's Life*, to hand, to the challenge recently forwarded by the Ward crew to any four in Britain, from which it is reasonable to suppose that the document had not been received up to the hour of said issue going to press. The *Sporting Life* of a later date, however, speaks thus in reference to the matter:—

"From the NEW YORK CLIPPER it appears that the Ward brothers have forwarded a challenge to the Atlantics to row any four men in Great Britain, five or six miles, for $5,000 a side, and give $1,000 for expenses. The same paper also states that Morton Price, now or lately in New York, has taken up the challenge on the part of the Humber Boat Club, of which he is a member. It speaks of the English lot mentioned as a crew of brothers, and we suppose the Skeltons are the Humber crew meant; but we certainly cannot see that on public form any crew from the Humber could be selected to represent this country in a contest like that proposed. We do not think that anything is likely to come of the acceptance so prematurely given by Morton Price on his own responsibility. In the face of the performances of the best Thames and Tyne men, it is most unlikely that a Hull crew would receive the support necessary to warrant them in making such a match, which, however, we do not think they will have any inclination for, when they find what their sponsor has said in their behalf. We should be very glad to see a 'picked' crew of our best men selected to contend for the honor of the old country, but would certainly dislike to have for the champion men who never possessed much beyond a local reputation. We have no fear but that 'good men and true, may be found, quite capable of holding their own against all comers from the other side of the Atlantic, but they must be looked for in the proper quarters. The Wards, however, are unmistakably a fine crew, and they will not be easily beaten, and should they visit our shores there is no fear of a repetition of the memorable Hamill *fiasco*. A race such as they propose would be most interesting; and should it be agreed on England's waters, the American oarsmen may rest assured of a warm welcome—none the less hearty, we are sure, even if they take down our pride a peg or two."

In response to the above we would state that the Ward brothers desire to meet *only the best men* in England can produce, in order that the contest will decide beyond further dispute which is deserving of the title of "champion four-oared crew of the world," and it will, we think, not be their fault if any obstacle is thrown in the way of a satisfactory issue of the pending negotiations.

REGATTA AT LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

A very interesting and everyway successful sailing regatta took place at Lake Pontchartrain, near Mobile, Alabama, on the 20th and 21st ult., one race each day, both sailed twice over a triangular shaped course of seven miles and a half in length; The result was as below:—

FIRST RACE.	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Gladiola	1	49	02	Mollie P	1	58	55
Xiphias	1	51	32	C. T. Howard	2	00	25
Domino	1	55	42	Elephant	1	00	22
Harlequin	1	57	12	Nettie Chandler	2	07	33

The judges, after making due allowance for difference in length, awarded the prizes to the Gladiola, Mollie Preston and Harlequin, respectively, all of Mobile,

SECOND RACE.	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Gladiola	2	40	08	Xiphias	3	49	27
Domino	2	48	02	Harlequin	3	49	43

Thus giving the prizes to the same boats which were victorious the first day.

YACHT RACE ON THE HUDSON.—On the afternoon of the 28th ult a race took place at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., between the yachts Haze and Sharpies, the course sailed over being ten miles down the river to New Hamburg, turn buoy and return. The contest resulted from a race which occurred over the same course about a fortnight ago between these vessels, accompanied by the Una. In that race the Queen of the Sharpies came in third best, which displeased her owner, hence the present race. The boats received an even start at three P. M., with a light air of wind to the northward. They sailed side by side for eight or nine miles, when, on turning, the Haze by superior management passed to the windward of the Sharpie, and led her finely to Milton Dock, where she was an eighth of a mile ahead. Maintaining that distance, she came in the winner of the race in three hours and forty-five minutes.

REGATTA AT CORNWALL LANDING.—On Wednesday, September 16, Josh Ward, ex-champion of American waters, will give a grand amateur regatta at Cornwall Landing on the Hudson. This affair is arranged for amateur oarsmen exclusively, and will have competitors from all our crack boat clubs including, among others, the Gulick, Columbia, Atlantic, Vesper, Atalanta, Palisade and Mutual of Albany. The programme will consist of a double scull and single scull race, commencing at 11 o'clock, P. M. The distance in each race is three miles, over one course. The races to be rowed in working boats. The double scull boats to be nineteen feet or less, the single scull boats to be seventeen feet or under. The prizes to be elegant gold badges for the winning boats in each race. The regatta will not come off unless the weather is favorable.

ATLANTIC VS. COLUMBIA.—The Columbia Boat Club, of New York, have challenged the Atlantic Club, of Hoboken, to contend in a six-oared gig race in the regatta of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, September 10th. As the Atlantics own two first class racing gigs, the Experiment and Deacon, and have a great deal of muscle and rowing strength in their club, we hope they will be in line at gun fire on the 10th inst., ready to show their numerous friends how aquatic fields are won.

SKIFF RACE.—A race in skiffs, for $20 a side, took place on the Ohio river, at Louisville, Ky., on the 29th ult., between Nat Stinson and Frank Rose, pulling respectively the "Charles Kreamer" and "Kentucky." Frank, when some distance ahead, broke an oar-lock and was compelled to abandon the race.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

THE SAPPHO DEFEATED.

The international yacht race round the Isle of Wight, England, in which four selected yachts of the British Squadron and the American yacht Sappho took part, took place on August 25th, as announced in last week's CLIPPER, and we are sorry to have to state that, unlike the famous yacht America, the Sappho got defeated, as will be seen by reading the appended particulars as received through the Atlantic cable telegraph. The following are the names and measurements of the English yachts entered for the race:—

Cutter Condor, 129 tons, owned by Mr. W. Ewings, of Greenock.

Cutter Oimara, 162 tons, entered by Mr. C. J. Tennant.

Schooner Aline, 212 tons, owned by Mr. R. Sutton, of Portsmouth.

Schooner Cambria, 185 tons, entered by J. Ashbury.

These boats are the champions of this year's races. The cutters had two-thirds tonnage added. The Sappho took the Oimara even, but gave the Cambria and Aline 9 minutes 12 seconds, and the Condor 13 minutes. The course was from Cowes Castle around the island to the starting point, to be made within nine hours. The regatta created much excitement among boating men and others, and large crowds of spectators from London, Portsmouth and Southampton thronged the shores. Innumerable small craft were gathered around the place of starting, and a large fleet of tugs, excursion steamers, and steam yachts followed the competing boats all the way round the island. The scene was very fine. The weather was clear, and a brisk northwest breeze was blowing. At 10 o'clock the signal gun was fired, and the yachts started amid the cheers from the people on shore and from the crowds on the steamers which followed close behind. The Aline soon took the lead, but she was closely pressed by the Cambria. The interest was all centred on these two. The Cambria slowly gained upon the Aline, and finally passing her, won the race in 6 hours 15 minutes and 15 seconds. The Aline came in only 2 minutes later. The Condor was third and the Sappho last. The Oimara was not placed. The result was hailed with great delight by the spectators.

On the following day the telegraph spoke as follows:—

SOUTHAMPTON, Aug. 26.—The defeat of the Sappho yesterday is explained by the fact that she was not in proper condition to enter the regatta, and in consequence met with a series of provoking accidents which really put her out of the race long before its conclusion. It seems that the Sappho was in dock all night previous to the regatta, undergoing repairs to her hull and rigging, which were damaged last week in a collision with the Enchantress. The work was hurriedly done so that she might be ready for the race, and the repairs were incomplete; so break downs were inevitable. When the signal gun was fired the yachts all got a fair start. The Sappho was behind, but was steadily gaining on the Oimara, when the fore gaff topsail gave way. In spite of this accident she soon mended her speed and succeeded in passing the Oimara. She was pushing ahead under fine headway and with good prospect of coming up with the other yachts, when her fore bobstay parted. Temporary repairs were made, and the schooner was again making up for her lost time, when, in consequence of the loss of the bobstay, her jibboom broke off. All efforts to finish the race on its part were then abandoned, as the boat was a wreck. The following is a table of the time of all the yachts:—

Names.	*Hrs.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*	*Names.*	*Hrs.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*
Cambria	6	17	0	Condor	6	2	5
Aline	6	19	0	Sappho	8	0	0
Oimara	6	2	2				

Captain Baldwin, of the Sappho, says that had these breakages not occurred the American boat would have won the race, and he offers a new challenge to the English yachts for a long run at sea. On board the Sappho during the race were Cols. Armytage and Vorsebuyle, Captain Legerd, R. N., Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Jones, the owner of the yard Miranda, and others. The schooner Cambria, which won the race, was built at Cowes.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH—HAMILL CHALLENGES THE WINNER.—On Wednesday, 9th inst., the important sculling match for the championship between Henry Coulter and Walter Brown will, barring accident, take place over the Upper Monongahela five mile course, a short distance above Pittsburgh. Brown was expected to arrive in the Smoky City on Sunday, 30th ult., accompanied by his boon companion and backer, John Tyler, Jr. He is said to be in admirable fettle and similar reports reach us from the training quarters of Coulter. Whether he has been forced to it by the expression of public opinion, or he had had it in his mind's eye all along we cannot say, but certain it is that James Hamill has challenged the winner through the columns of the local press and deposited the sum of $250, we believe, at the *Commercial* office to make his word good. This will be gratifying intelligence to the sporting community, and we trust the winning man will at once accept the *defi*.

The second deposit of $300 a side, making $1,000 in all, now in our hands, was planked according to agreement, on Tuesday, 25th ult., leaving one more deposit of $500 a side, which has to be forthcoming on Saturday, 5th inst., when the sum of $250 must be paid to Brown for expenses.

THE MILWAUKEE REGATTA, that was to have taken place on Thursday, the 20th ult., was postponed on account of the roughness of the bay, and on Friday, 21st, the boats started from the flag at six o'clock precisely, the crews being the same as before. The Lily was slightly in advance at first, the Kinny having the inside. Both crews pulled beautifully, and the boats were neck and neck for nearly three miles due to the turning stake (1½ miles). The Lily, however, took a sweep somewhat to the east of a straight line, and the Kinny, by observing a more direct course, arrived at the turning stake so as to make the turn about two seconds sooner than the Lily, and took a large open sweep from the stake, which the coxswain of the Lily took the advantage of, and shot in at her stern, turned first, had the inside for home, and had said, "Give way for home!" as the Milwaukee boat struck the stake-boat. At 2 o'clock he brought the coxswain and the bow oarsman together, with the Lily on the inside track, close to the stake-boat, and Kinny with all the sea room. This put an end to the race. On the arrival of the referee both claimed to be winners. The referee demanded a new race, which the Milwaukeeans refused to pull again, and up to the present writing, our correspondent says, the referee has not decided. The coxswain of the Lily reported, as the reason of his bearing to the east, that he mistook the wrong boat for the stake-boat; and at the time of the foul his boat was two-thirds or her length ahead. The judges were: Milwaukee, A. D. Young; Columbia, John Rogers. Referee, John Thorson.

HUDSON AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The annual regatta of this organization will take place over the usual course on the Hudson, opposite the Elysian Fields, on Thursday, 10th inst., and appearances indicate that it will compare favorably, if not excel in interest any of the former jubilees gotten up under their auspices. Nearly all the leading amateur clubs in the city will be represented, as likewise the Mutuals, of Albany, and the Atalantas, who is most fancied, has been taking his breathings at Cornwall, with Josh Ward to look after him. The programme embraces four races, viz: single scull, double scull, eight-oared barges and six-oared gigs. Major General Shaler will officiate as referee, Stephen H. Knapp as timekeeper, and Lloyd Aspinwall, Thos. E. Stewart, C. P. Daly, Wm. Radford and General Hatfield as judges, while the ceremony of presenting the prizes will be entrusted to Major Hoffman. The Gulicks will row a new six-oared gig built by C. J. Thomas, and the Mutuals one constructed at the establishment of Shaw, in Newburgh. We understand the Secretary of the Treasury will place a revenue cutter at the disposal of the association on the day.

SCULLING RACE.—A. L. Ameling, of the Palisade Club, of Yonkers, and Henry B. Leroy, of the Shateauca, of Poughkeepsie, were to pull a three mile race over the Poughkeepsie course on the afternoon of the 1st inst.

YACHTING AT KEYPORT.—A yacht race which was productive of considerable local interest was decided at that delightful watering place, Keyport, N. J., on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 26th, between the Abbie, of Red Bank, N. J., and the Ella, belonging to W. L. Crawford, of the Jersey City Yacht Club. Both boats were about 27 feet in length, and the conditions of the contest, which was for $250 a side, were that the vessels should sail ten miles to windward and return, the race to be sailed over the distance was not completed in six hours. The Abbie held the call in the betting at odds of $100 to $75, and she obtained the lead at the start, passing the stakeboat at Buoy No. 16 nine and one half minutes ahead of the Ella, which used the rigging and spars of the Mattie, but the latter shortly afterward overhauled and passed her, ultimately winning in 5 hours 46 minutes from the start, coming home ten minutes in advance of her competitor. The weather was unfavorable for the sport, there being scarcely a breath of wind stirring. The stakes were handed over to the owner of the victorious yacht the same afternoon by George J. Kibber, stakeholder.

THE VESPERS, of Yonkers, have a new barge, built by Thos. Fearon and named after the club.

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB PRIZES.—The prizes won at the annual regatta of this club were awarded to the winners on the evening of the 26th ult., at the Club's Headquarters on Court street. Dr. Fry, of the sloop Apollo, was awarded a silver tray; to Mr. Furman, of the Mistodesa, an oil painting and a gold medal; to Mr. J. Ellsworth, of the Mattie, belonging to the Bayonne Yacht Club, a gold medal; to the Alice, a binnacle, compass, and a fine oil painting. The prizes, which are of excellent design and workmanship, bear on one side an appropriate inscription and on the other an exact drawing of the winning vessel. Three new members of the club were elected, and twelve persons were proposed for membership. A chowder excursion to Sheep's Head Bay, to take place on the 10th of September, was decided upon.

THAT CHALLENGE FROM OSCAR KING.—Our readers will remember that sometime ago we inserted a challenge purporting to come from Oscar King, of Philadelphia, and proposing to row anybody a three or five mile race on the Schuylkill for one thousand dollars. This was privately answered by Chas. Brosman, "Champion scullist of the Schuylkill," but in response King disclaimed authorizing the publication of the defi.

A BRACE OF RACES.—At the pic-nic of St. Stephen's Church, held at Jones' Wood on the 27th ult., two interesting rowing races were decided. The first was between the six oared boat Friendship, rowed by James, John, Barney and Philip Biglin, Bill Burns and William H. Spear, Mike Murray, coxswain, and the Excelsior pulled by John Blue, William H. Hays, Robert Ellis, Harry Bearden, Mike Glenney and John Sheehan, James McKay coxswain. The distance was about four miles, and the former won in 23:45, beating the Excelsior 30 seconds. The next was a double scull race for a wine set, presented by B. O'Neil. The entries were the Jennie, rowed by Barney Biglin and William Burns; the Lotta, manned by W. J. Harley and Frank Gurns; and the Sylvan, rowed by Brannigan and Kelly. The Jennie won by two lengths, the Lotta being second. The prize in the first race was a splendid set of colors.

JERRY CROCKET and Henry Andrews, of Hartford, Ct., recently pulled in paper boats from Albany to Peck Slip, N. Y., where they shipped their boats on board the Hartford steamer and proceeded as far as Saybrook, where they again launched them and pulled to Hartford.

THE BIGLIN-HAYS MATCH.—The second instalment of $100 a side, making three hundred dollars in all now in the hands of the stakeholder, in the match between John A. Biglin and Wm. H. Hays, to row a five mile race in gunwale boats, not to exceed 17 feet 5 inches in length, was made good on the 25th ult. at this office. The match is to be decided at Hoboken, N. J., on Sept. 7th, starting from a point opposite the Elysian Fields and pulling two miles and a half up stream to a stake-boat and return, and both men are now busily engaged in the work of getting themselves in for a long pull and a strong pull. As each man has plenty of friends behind him this causes the race to be looked forward to with much interest. The third deposit of $100 a side must be in our hands by 4 o'clock, P. M., on the 4th inst.

GRACIE VS. ADDIE V.—These yachts sailed a match race on the 25th ult., for a champion pennant, the course being from the South-West Spit and return. The Gracie proved the winner.

SWEEPSTAKES RACE.—A race for a sweepstakes, $5 each boat, open to all cat-rigged boats, took place on the 25th ult., off Jersey City. An allowance of two minutes per foot was made and the following vessels started:—Lackey, Captain B. Simpson; Lizzie, Captain J. U. Blease; Lilly, Captain George Smith; Annie, Captain W. G. Mould; Sheriff, Captain Bean; Comet, Captain Ketchum; Eliza (Harlem), Captain Elliott; Kate, Captain Mullen. The Comet and Eliza contested for the first prize, which was won by the former, the Eliza being distanced. The race for the second prize was very exciting, the judges deciding a tie between the Lackey and Lizzie. The judges were John Keefe and Geo. Smith.

MEKIEL AND RAYMOND MATCHED.—We understand that shortly after the race between Mekiel and Raymond on the 25th ult., George McCloud matched John Blue against the former, who was represented by Jas. Delaney, to row a five mile race off the Elysian Fields on Monday, 7th inst., for $200 a side. Aquatic sport is looking up in this quarter.

THE OTTAWA REGATTA.—The single scull inrigged race at the late regatta, won by Frank Johnson, has been decided by the judges in favor of Barrie

PIGEON MATCH.—The pigeon shooting match between Capt. John Travis and Joseph V. Kerr, for a purse of $1,000, took place on the 25th ult. at Oakland Park, near Pittsburgh, Pa. The rain storm had the effect of deterring many from visiting the Park, still the attendance was very respectable. The match resulted in each shooting twenty-three of the twenty-four birds, and as Capt. Travis had been allowed three extra birds he was declared the victor.

BASE BALL.

CLIPPER CHAMPION BASE BALL PRIZES.

The gold ball and gold medals—the former to be awarded to the winners of the championship of 1868, after fairly contesting with all responsible challengers, and the latter to be given to the best players in the nine different positions of the game, as shown in the various contests for the championship—will be on exhibition this week at Browne & Spaulding's jewelry establishment, corner of Broadway and Prince street. The ball is manufactured of 18 karat gold, and is of the full size and weight of the regulation ball.

ATHLETIC vs. ATLANTIC.

DEFEAT OF THE ATLANTICS.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Aug. 31st, 1868.

The first game of the championship series between the Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, and the Athletic Club of this city, was played on the grounds of the latter, at Columbia avenue and Seventeenth street, this afternoon. Ever since the match was arranged it has been the absorbing topic of conversation in the base ball world, not only in this city but all over the country. It will be recollected that the last series between these clubs was not concluded, through some misunderstanding on the part of the high contracting parties. The first game of the match was arranged to take place in this city, but the crowd was too great and the contest was postponed. On the annual visit of the Athletics to New York, some time subsequent to this, they were defeated by the Atlantics, the score standing 28 to 16. The return game, played in this city, resulted in a signal victory for Philadelphia's favorite club, 28 to 8 being the totals. It had been arranged previous to the playing of this last game, that if a third one was necessary it was to be played at the Union Ground, Williamsburgh, on the following week. The Athletics were on hand, according to agreement, but the Atlantics refused to carry out their part of the contract, alleging as a reason that two or three of their nine were not in condition to play in so important a contest. They agreed, however, to place a nine in their field, according to their contract, but as it was pretty generally understood that they were going to put forth a "muffin nine," who would manage to prevent five innings being played, the Athletics very properly refused to be parties to the farce. The subject was brought before the Judiciary Committee on complaint of the Athletic Club, but that august body decided that as the Atlantics were willing to place nine "players" in the field, the Athletics had no just cause of complaint. The National Convention, at its annual session in this city in December, affirmed this decision on appeal. And so the matter ended, by both clubs resolving never to play together again.

Time is a great panacea, however, healing over wounds and obliterating memories of unpleasant events. And so it came to pass that these celebrated clubs—the one the champions of Pennsylvania, and the other the ex-champions of America—forgetting all past differences, resolved to again enter the base ball arena as friendly rivals. How the *entente cordiale* was re-established we do not know. It is sufficient to know that it is a fixed fact, and we trust their friendly relations will continue through all time.

Ever since the day was definitely fixed for the first game there has been considerable excitement in base ball circles in this city. The relative merits of the two clubs—or rather the nine players who represent them—has been a matter of much speculation. At the various headquarters of the fraternity—particularly at Al. Reach's, where "ye sports" most do congregate—the partizans of the rival clubs have had it hot and heavy for a week or two past.

Last night the excitement culminated on the arrival of the Atlantics and their friends; but as they did not get here till a late hour there was not much chance for speculation. This morning, as the well known faces of the Atlantic players were seen on our streets, the excitement again ran higher. Towards noon the vicinity of the Continental, American and other prominent hotels, were the scenes of large gatherings of excited men, anxious to back their favorites to any amount. In the meantime, the people who arrived in the morning trains from New York, Baltimore and other cities began to wend their way to the enclosed grounds of the Athletic Club. The cars were all crowded to overflowing with citizens and strangers, all bound to one common centre—Columbia avenue and Seventeenth streets. All were anxious to get within the enclosure and procure eligible seats, or if compelled to stand—which thousands had to do—to get as good a location as possible. As early as 10 o'clock, the prominent positions outside of the inclosure for seeing the game, which the peculiar nature of the Athletic Ground affords in such great abundance, had their occupants. The windows of the dwelling houses in the immediate vicinity of the ground were all full of interested spectators, as well as the tops of the houses. Vehicles of all kinds had been brought into requisition to convey spectators to the ground, and after discharging their loads were made to do double duty by being improvised into "grand stands" for the accommodation of those who had "promenade tickets." Within the inclosure the ladies' seats were filled with the fair representatives of our first families who delight to patronize the national game. The seats reserved exclusively for members of the club were filled to repletion, while thousands were obliged to stand. For a week previous to the game a premium had been offered for seats, but they could not be had to-day for love or money.

About 2 o'clock the Atlantics arrived on the ground in a four-horse omnibus, and as they appeared on the field, there was a thrill of excitement among the spectators. The Athletics had been in and around the field for some time, and for a few moments previous to the commencement of operations the players amused themselves by knocking "fungoes" and tossing the ball round. In the meantime the spectators continued to arrive in large numbers, and the police and members of the club had their hands full in finding "standing room" for the late arrivals. At this time there must have been at least 10,000 persons within the inclosure and some 5,000 outside, and these numbers were being added to by fresh arrivals.

At 2.45 game commenced with the Athletics at the bat. Athletic, 1st innings—Reach made his third base on a muff of Start's, ball being thrown by Kenney. McBride hit a grounder, which Kenney let go between his legs, and McBride made his first, sending Reach home. Radcliff hit a grounder, past third, on which he made his 2d. Wilkins out on fly foul by Radcliff. Fisler made his by a grounder, which Pearce muffed, sending McBride home.

Atlantic 1st Innings—Pearce made his first by a muff of Reach, but trying to steal his second, was put out by Reach, aided by a fine throw of Radcliff. Kenney was caught on a fly foul by Radcliff, and Start went out at first base by the good fielding of Reach to Fisler.

Athletic 2d innings—McBride went out at first base by Start, ball being well fielded by Kenney; Radcliff was caught on a running fly catch by Crane; Wilkins made his second by a low throw of Ferguson, and was left by Fisler going out on a tip bound by Mills. A blank for the Athletics.

Atlantic 2d Innings.—Chapman went out at 1st base, ball being fielded by Wilkins to Fisler; Crane made his 1st by a grounder past third, made his 2d by a high throw of Berry, and came home on Mills' hit, who went out at 1st base, as did Fergusson, both men being fielded out by Al. Reach. No runs. Score 7 to 1.

The third innings should have been another whitewash for the Athletics. Sensenderfer was fielded out at 1st by Pearce; Foran was captured by Crane on a fly; Cuthbert and Berry made their base on hits, and should have left thereby, but Start muffed the ball Reach hit to him, and four runs were made before there was another chance offered for outs.

When the Atlantics went in to finish the third innings the score stood 7 to 1; but they batted well for five runs, which gave a better appearance to the totals, which now stood 11 to 6 on even innings. These odds were too much to overcome, however, for in the balance of the game the Athletics had everything their own way. During the eighth innings Ivin began to fall, but the game went on to end of the eighth innings, with the score 18 to 9 against them.

The Atlantics rallied well for the finish, after giving the Athletics their fourth whitewash. They did some heavy batting, and there seemed some little hope that they might pull their score up to respectable figures. Four runs had been made with the loss of two hands, when the rain fell in torrents, and the umpire called the game.

The Atlantics did not play in their usual spirits. The absence of Smith, seemed to affect them to some extent, as it always does. The Athletics batted handsomely in the 1st, 3d and 7th innings, and fielded pretty sharply all through the game. The encouraging shouts of their friends seemed to inspire them and nerve them to greater efforts. The Atlantics, as usual with them, took their defeat good naturedly, and left for home this evening. The score follows:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	P.	ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	3	2		Pearce, s s	2	1	
McBride, p	4	2		Keaney, 2d b	2	1	
Radcliff, c	3	2		Start, 1st b	2	1	
Wilkins, s s	4	2		Cummings, 2 b	2	1	
Fisler, 1st b	4	1		Crane, c f	1	1	2
Sensenderfer, c f	3	2		Mills, c	4	0	
Foran, r f	2	2		Ferguson, 3d b	5	0	
Cuthbert, l f	1	2		Zeiglein, p	2	0	
Berry, 3d b	2	1		McDonald, r f	4	2	
Total	18			Total			9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Athletic	7	0	4	1	0	1	5	0—18
Atlantic	0	1	5	1	1	0	0	1—9

Umpire—Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Geary Club. Scorers—Messrs. Benson and Delaney. Time of game—Two hours.

ATLANTIC AND ATHLETIC GAMES SINCE 1863.

As a matter of interest at this time we give below the score of the first game between the Athletics and Atlantics, played on the 18th of June, 1863:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.	ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.
Smith, 2d b	4	2		Col. Moore, c f	4	3	
Pearce, c	4	3		Loughery, c	3	2	
Chapman, l f	4	2		McBride, s s	2	2	
Crane, 2d b	3	2		Paul, 2d b	3	1	
Start, 1st b	4	2		Frail, p	4	2	
Pickering, c f	2	2		Kleinfelder, c	3	1	
J. E. Smith, r f	3	3		Smith, 3d b	4	0	
O'Brien, s s	2	3		Wilkins, r f	3	0	
S. A. Smith, p	3	1		Berkenstock, 1st b	4	0	
Total	29			Total			13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	3	1	2	7	1	3	0	4	1—21
Athletic	3	0	1	1	4	0	2	2	0—13

Umpire—Mr. SEARS, of the Star Club. Scorers—Messrs. Boughton and Benson.

It will be seen from the following table that they have played eight games in all, six of which have been won by the Atlantics:—

Date.	*Atlantic.*	*Athletic.*	*Date.*	*Atlantic.*	*Athletic.*
1863	21	13	1866	27	17
1864	43	16	1866	12	31
1865	21	15	1867	28	16
1865	27	24	1867	8	28

VISIT OF THE "HAYMAKERS."

MUTUAL vs. UNION.

The return game of this match was played at the Union Ground, Williamsburgh, L. I., on the 26th August, in the presence of between four and five thousand spectators. It will be recollected that in the first game of the series, which came off at Lansingburgh several weeks ago, the Mutuals were defeated, the score standing 22 to 12. The New Yorkers claimed that they didn't receive square treatment in this contest, and considerable discussion was occasioned by the rulings of the umpire. As a matter of course this gave more interest to the return game, and was the cause of such a large gathering of spectators.

An umpire having been secured in the person of Charley Walker, the well-known pitcher of the Active Club, of New York, at 3 o'clock the game commenced. The Mutuals won the toss, and the "Haymakers" went to the bat. Craver, the first striker, hit safely to left field, securing the first base; Ward went to the bat, also Craver, making a double. Craver, it will be seen, left Dockney had the ball three feet, and Flanly batted him out—rather close work, however. Ward went to first on a stroke to right field; Dwyer and Pike attended to Davis; McAtee made a slashing hit to centre field, and went to third and Ward home; Flynn fell a victim to Stockman on the fly, leaving McAtee. The Mutuals failed to secure on their turn at the bat; McMahon was the only one who reached his base, and was left at third; Dockney was filed by S. King; Walters struck out, and Pike, hitting feebly, went out at first by a stroke of Ward's. Score 1 to 0. The "Haymakers" added another single to their score in the second innings, M. King being the lucky one; Rua struck out; Penfield was caught on the fly by Swandel; and Craver fouled out to Dockney. S. King home left. The Mutuals hit heavily in this innings, sc

ANOTHER SONG OF ALL SONGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ROSA SINCLAIR.

AIR—*Captain with his Whiskers.*

"Nellie, with the Light-Brown Hair,"
"In the Cottage by the Sea;"
"She a Waiting for us there,"
With our "Darling Minnie Lee."
"Mother, is the Battle Over?"
"Like a Soldier Willie Fell,"
We are "Coming thro' the Clover"
With a "Dandy Broadway Swell."

"Break it Gently to my Mother,"
"Captain Jinks, the Horse Marine,"
"Sambo is a Man and Brother,"
When he's "Wearing of the Green"
Down "On the Beach at Long Branch,"
Or "Walking Down Broadway;"
"The Sword of Papa Bateman,"
"And now Let All Obey!"

"Near the Banks of that Lone River"
"Little Baby's Gone to Sleep;"
"Oh, Willie, We have Missed You;"
"Dear Mother, do not Weep."
We will "Ring the Bell Softly,"
"Once More Upon the Sea,"
"I Am Leaning Thee in Sorrow,"
"Then You'll Remember Me."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"
"To drink their Bitter Beer."
"Ah! you Naughty, Naughty Men,"
"Jimmy was a Volunteer."
"Champagne Charlie was His Name,"
"Not for Joseph, no, no, no;"
"Mary Had a Little Lamb;"
"If you Love Me, Tell Me So!"

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 20.—Other Defunct Theatres.

The old Broadway Theatre was, after the destruction of the National, the best arranged place of amusement in the city, having been modeled after the Haymarket, the minor of the Theatres Royal of London, much more convenient and comfortable than those gigantic, barn-like edifices usually honored with royal letters patent, in which, unless the house be crowded, a spectator entertains sentiments similar to those generated by a visit to a cemetery. I can well remember the feeling of disappointment which came over me when I first visited Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the management of the poet Bunn. The exterior of that famous house impresses a stranger, especially an American with a feeling of awe, its massive, gloomy front giving him an idea of entering the county jail. Once inside he is bewildered at the magnitude of the corridors, the spaciousness of the vestibules, and finally in the boxes he grows melancholy over the vast abyss presented to his eye before his vision can reach the stage. Unfortunately the theatre was but sparsely attended, adding to the general gloominess of the previous effects, and I am frank enough to confess that, despite the novelty of my position, I departed from the walls of Old Drury terribly prejudiced against that venerable concern, upon whose boards had flourished the inimitable Siddons, the classical Kemble and the lamented Maliban.

On the other hand a visit to the Haymarket, notwithstanding the poverty of talent in the company—and let me say parenthetically that in all England I must say the theatres will compare to that of the Old Park—produced pleasurable sensations. The house was of medium size, neither too large nor too small, a very happy combination of economy and ease, as well for the management as for the audience, for no man likes to sit in solitary grandeur a spectator of even the most superior of plays, but, on the contrary, there is a pleasant contention in commingling with a good natured crowd, sure to dispel the blues, be they ever so chronic. When I visited the Haymarket they were playing "London Assurance," with the requirements of its original cast, and hence I had an opportunity fairly to compare the merits of a leading London company with those of our metropolitan stage. With the exception of Farren, whom the cockales considered to be the *ne plus ultra* of comedians, I was familiar with nearly all the leading artists, from seeing them at the New York Theatre. Even Buckstone, the manager, had played both at the Old National and Niblo's, having visited this country, in concert I think, with old Fanny Fitzwilliams. He performed in some pieces of his own composition, which, being specialties, did not allow of a comparison with other comedians. The singularity of Buckstone's performance consists in the fact, that being deaf as a post, he does not hear a word spoken on the stage and is compelled to take his cue from the pantomime of the other actors. This is almost as great a dramatic curiosity as the comedian Joe Miller, who was unable to read a word, exterminated his perpetration of matrimony on the ground that his better half was of value to him in reading to him his part, as that was the method of its acquisition. The memory of this actor has been preserved to us as the author of a book of merry jests, while in point of fact poor Joe never perpetrated a joke in his life, although a source of infinite mirth in others. Being an uncommonly stupid fellow the club of wags concerning at the Spitfire's Head, facetiously attributed their witticisms to his authorship, while some compiler of wagram's has published his name upon the title page of a jest book as a bookseller's trick of the trade.

I have heard Englishmen extol to the skies the merits of Mr. W. Farren and challenge America to produce his equal. Now, I have seen him in Sir Peter Teazle, esteemed his greatest conception, and in Sir Harcourt Courtly, written to his measure, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the elder Placide by far his superior in both parts. Possibly, when I saw him perform, as he was quite an elderly man, he may have outlived his former energies and subsisted on his reputation; but actors generally, like old wine, improve with age, unless afflicted with mental or bodily infirmity. As to his representation of Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. McKean Buchanan, playing at Burton's in Chambers street as an amateur, gave a more agreeable and artistic rendition and one more calculated to please an American audience. The tone of the character Mr. Farren was decidedly unpleasant, his figure anything but graceful and his whole manner formal and frigid in the extreme, moving with the precision of an automaton.

The Broadway was under the control of Mr. Marshall, whose theatrical experience had been gained in Philadelphia, where the taste of the public rat in entirely a different vein from our good folks. This is a singular circumstance, yet one perfectly capable of ample verification, for actors of immense popularity in the Quaker City rarely succeeded in making a favorable impression with us Gothamites. Mr. Marshall interests to his star cursed with Dyott, he gathered a company mainly composed of new faces and of professionals who had previously established themselves as town favorites, such as Abbott and his wife, Dyott and others, for the field was then large to select from, as none but the leading stars could secure provincial engagements. In the commencement of the campaign of the Broadway it relied upon foreign artists entirely, but subsequently it grew to be the headquarters of Forrest and other actors, who, from some reason I could never fathom, were excluded from the privilege of appearing on the Park boards. Even in the hours of his fallen fortunes it was deemed a high honor to be accorded this privilege. I remember when the elder Booth reappeared, after many years of exclusion, upon the Park stage, he expressed, in an address to the audience, an acknowledgment that he regarded his return as one of the proudest honors of his life.

Prominent among the attractions of the Broadway was a Mr. James Anderson, an English actor of the school of Macready, who depended rather upon the intellectuality of his performance than upon rigorous action. Anderson was an elegant elocutionist, a graceful declaimer, careful, studious and with a pleading figure. Although an avowed imitator of Macready, and indeed almost every actor is from necessity an imitator, as the business of the stage is traditional, he divested his performance from that nervous mannerism so strikingly apparent in all that tragedian's acting. Although Macready was regarded by the general public as the greatest actor of his day, his vanity and egotism and his supercilious treatment of subordinates militated against appreciation of his greatness by the profession, while his manner of speech in private life disgusted literary and other men of common sense with whom he was thrown in contact. Sometimes he rendered himself ridiculous on the stage by assuming characters unsuited to his years. For instance, he would persist in playing Claude Melnotte because he had been the original representative of that most melodramatic part—the foulest of frothy and stale stews of French eccentricity, always forgetting that Chucie was among the juveniles of the drama. Yet despite his faults, Macready was a finished and scholastic actor, who did much for the dissipation of those traditional errors and gross incongruities which had been handed down from the days of Quin and Garrick when Hamlet was appareled in a blue court dress and Othello flourished as a turbaned Turk.

Mr. Anderson was, to my mind, as good an actor in the more favorite parts as Macready, and decidedly as sedulous a scholar. In the "Elder Brother," a piece by Beaumont and Fletcher, revived and expurgated to suit the modern stage, his particular talents shone with marked brilliancy, inasmuch as he had rendered that classical composition a specialty, upon which he devoted both time and study. Being a general favorite, Anderson was always warmly welcomed upon visiting this country, and as he usually performed at the Broadway, that house had the benefit of his reputation.

But the great card of the Broadway was Edwin Forrest, after he reassumed the buskin, temporarily discarded during the performance of that judicial comedy—the Forrest trial. In his name and presence was the tower of the Broadway's strength, and how could it be otherwise?—a native American actor with Quaker City proclivities, who was sure to draw a good house.

The great error of Forrest's life has been his delusion as to being a rival of Macready, for the men are the antipodes of each other in the style of their histrionic genius, except they rise in public estimation, discard the pieces upon which their elevation has been dependent.

At the Broadway, Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke made his first appearance in America—an actor who, in Europe, had been regarded as the equal of, if not superior to, Macready, and whom, it has been asserted, the friends of Mr. Forrest had pressed to come to this country in the hope of crushing out the reputation of the English tragedian. But Mr. Brooke, as rumor, New York, arrived at a most unpropitious season for his own success, for he came unheralded, and at a period when persons capable of adjudging upon the merits of a comparatively unknown artist had, in a great measure, relinquished habitual attendance at the theatre. Had this remarkable actor—for Mr. Brooke was, in the opinion of all dispassionate critics, justly entitled to a pre-eminent position upon the tragic stage—appeared on the Park boards, some ten years anterior to his actual coming among us, he would have been thoroughly appreciated, the prestige of metropolitan success. As Mr. Brooke's American experience went, Boston appeared the only spot where his transcendent genius was recognized, possibly because that admirality unblessed with an opera house, which, with us, by drawing off the paying patrons of public amusements, notably of a high standard, has absolutely undermined the legitimate drama. In the olden time it was the fashion to go to the theatre, and the starring managers, upon which the theatre relied little caring for the character of the entertainment presented so long as it bore the imprint of sanction from the fean monde.

I own to a propensity for witnessing first appearances, for there is a something in the first impression created by an actor or a play which remains indelible, and none are more conscious of the existence of this sentiment than actors themselves, prone as they are to underrate the effect of individual criticism. I possess I have witnessed the first appearance of at least a hundred celebrated artists, and I have never known the effect of a first impression die away. Artists, both male and female, dramatic and operatic, have come among us with well established reputations, have been puffed by the journals in advance, and yet ailing to create a favorable first impression, they have actually ailed in their subsequent endeavors. I remember hearing a say, who had been a leading prima donna in Europe, break in a first ballet, and never again did she appear in this country. On the other hand, there are cases, giving indication of talent although under adverse circumstances, have been on sufferance through the impression of a first appearance until they reached a prominent position in the profession.

The subsequent success of Mr. McKean Buchanan, after his performances at the Broadway, is among the few instances I can call to mind in which a first appearance conveyed a wrong idea of an actor's abilities. Mr. Buchanan, who had performed a fair engagement as an amateur, limiting his performances to a single part, which was rather an imitation than an original creation, made his professional debut on our metropolitan stage with the advantage of being supported by Marie Duret, a very superior actress. The audience failed to detect the value of Buchanan's new reading, while Miss Duret grew so wearied of his novel stage effects that she refused to play a second engagement. The introduction of eccentric vagaries, however, did more to create prejudice against the *debutant* than any absolute want of dramatic ability. For instance, the ludicrous idea of Hamlet dying with his face downward, assured a laughable climax to a tragedy, and was enough to condemn any representation of that part by the ablest of tragedians. And used we, therefore, wonder that Mr. Buchanan's performance proved unsatisfactory? Doubtlessly since then he has seen the propriety of omitting the many eccentricities with which he interlarded his representations at the Broadway, for as he never since appeared at any of the metropolitan theatres to my own knowledge, I have had no opportunity to correct my first impressions.

Marie Duret was the best general actress we have ever had on the American stage. She came from England at the solicitation of an eminent comedian who, appreciating her versatility and tact, considered that she would prove an invaluable addition to our stage. Being tutored from infancy for the theatrical profession, Miss Duret possessed a wonderful knowledge of that which is styled stage business, which, combined with great versatility as to characters, enabled her to assume any position on the stage the exigencies of the moment demanded. Although comedy was her particular forte, she performed excellently in tragedy, melo-drama and farce; consequently, without being regarded as a great actress, she was a good and useful one in every department. She first appeared at the Astor Place, but, on the failure of that company, performed for a few nights at the Broadway The general stagnation prevalent at that time among all the legitimate theatres threw her, like the remainder of her profession, upon her individual resources. Miss Duret has subsequently performed in this city after winning both laurels and gold in California and Australia; but, descending from her previous legitimate pretensions, she, on her final visit, astonished the boys of the Bowery with her Jack Sheppard, and other ultra melo-dramatic characters, which she assumed rather for money than glory.

During the prevalence of the Know Nothing excitement, when the rancor of party feeling had attained its height, the Broadway had a narrow escape from being the scene of a disturbance, if not of a serious riot. It originated in some misconstruction of words, used by Mr. Barney Williams, in allusion to some current events of the day, as well as to a dispute in which participated the neighboring city of Philadelphia. Barney had been in the habit of engaging the Broadway, during its summer recess, for a series of performances, of which, as manager, he and his clever spouse bore the chief burden. During the heated term of weather and of Know Nothingism, Barney was prepared to carry out his habitual intentions, when, singularly enough, he aggravated the state of sentiment existing against him through the Philadelphia fracas by the production of a grand national drama of the American Revolution, written by John Brougham, an Irishman, and in which Barney, another Irishman, was to assume the principal part. A few fanatical natives involved in bliss both Barney and the piece, and attended the house on the opening night of his management. The sagacious Barney had taken the head start of his would be enemies by packing the house densely with his own friends, among whom the Know Nothings appeared as drops in the bucket, yet even these contrived to indulge in ample demonstrations of displeasure. The following night was a repetition of the same scene, only the Know Nothings assembled in greater force, but the Barneyites were unflinching. Barney, who is no fool himself, they concluded that it was the height of folly to pay for admission and in this wise to put money in a manager's pocket whom they wished to drive off the stage. This policy prevailed, and for many consecutive nights their absence was construed into the calm preceding a tempest, especially as the Fourth of July was near at hand, when a demonstration of patriotic indignation might be actually expected. The dreaded Fourth came, and, in commemoration of the day, the Know Nothing contingent manager was taken seventy-10, or think if the nativists had been in force to kiss him off, he had outflanked them by anticipating the tendency of their actions—a line of conduct which fully appeared the threatened storm, if any in reality was brewing, and saved the Broadway chandeliers from danger of annihilation.

It is a singular fact that the occurrence of the Astor Place riot entirely destroyed the prospects of that house in a business point of view, notwithstanding the many attempts made by competent parties to resuscitate its fortunes, shaken by an event which could have no material bearing upon the house as a dramatic temple. The Astor Place Opera House was well located, and a very neat and convenient theatre, near to the main arteries of the city, with a fine, open front and an excellent ventilation. Its failure as an opera house was wrought through the persecution of Maretzek by a very small clique of *parvenus*, aided by the influence of several newspapers. None of the objections urged against it as an opera house could apply to it for conversion into a theatre, and therefore its ultimate fall can be legitimately traced to the riotous occurrence.

I was present on the night when Macready was driven from the stage. The house had been thoroughly packed, as far as the galleries and prominent parts of the auditorium were concerned, within a few minutes after the opening of the doors, while the boxes were freely accessible to those purchasing tickets. But few ladies were present, as a disturbance had been anticipated. Everything went quiet until Mr. C. W. Clarke appeared on the stage, when some one demanded three cheers in his honor, which were lustily given, and the piece proceeded tranquilly until the witches announced the coming of the martial thane:—

"A drum! a drum!

Macbeth doth come."

Now Macready was remarkably fond of what he called pictures, and never failed on making a point of scenic effect. So, down he strutted the entire length of the stage, claymore in hand, until he reached the centre of the footlights. At this point he struck a defiant attitude, holding his studded shield over his left breast. His downward march was accompanied by all sorts of discordant noises, cat calls and pea whistles predominating, but he had no sooner struck his *pose pl stique* than a universal shout of "Off! off!" ensued, followed by a howl of unearthly discord. But Macready paid no attention to these demonstrations, which, instead of decreasing, appeared to augment in intensity, gallantly braving the storm with a stolid maintenance of his attitude. Next ensued a shower of missiles, penny marbles and putrid eggs, one of which of noxious smelling, for its fumes penetrated to the boxes, darted in the direction of sharpshooter, landed upon the edge of the target about a foot in a straight line below Macbeth's nose. How his natural fastidiousness could withstand this intolerable stench is a marvel, but stand it he did. Finding the object of their insults immoveable, some one in the upper gallery threw down a stool, which, striking upon the stage, was shivered into smithereens. This visitation frightened the gods and goddesses of the orchestra, for gatherings of hair around the little hole leading beneath the stage with the celerity of scared rats. A second chair descended in close proximity to the great tragedian's caput, while the witches, who had received some of the perfumed missives designed for the thane, scamped unceremoniously from the scene of action; then Mr. Macready, perceiving the universal stage defection, solemnly and majestically backed out of sight. The uproar, notwithstanding the success of the riot, continued for over an hour, and the assemblage only dispersed upon being assured that Mr. Macready had quitted the house and would never again appear.

The sanguinary riot which followed this preliminary turmoil was occasioned by the well founded desire of a large number of influential citizens that the rights of Mr. Macready and of the management should be preserved, and the disgrace of the insult offered to a distinguished stranger should be wiped out. A committee of our most eminent jurists invited Mr. Macready to reappear, which he graciously accepted. The house was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of fashion. The performance passed off without interruption, and the whole affair would have proved a triumph had the city authorities, the police particularly, faithfully and courageously performed their duty. On the contrary, the Mayor, in calling out the soldiery, excited the curiosity of idlers, of whom the mob was composed, in a ratio of eight to one avilly disposed; while the police, who locked themselves in the theatre where there was no disturbance, committed the gross error of permitting the congregation of a mob it was beyond their power to disperse. I believe that the last attempt to restore the Astor Place to its dramatic state originated with Mr. Brooke, the tragedian, who was lessee of the house for a limited period. Finding the dramatic company unprofitable, he introduced a troupe of trained goats, dogs and monkeys, very talented and clever artists in their line. The managers of the company owning the house, conceiving the decorum and sanctity of the establishment—consecrated as it was to Italian music, without the ordinary monkey accompaniments—interposed a legal injunction, whereby the unfortunate Brooke was deprived of the only means of paying his dramatic speculation self sustaining, much less profitable.

Prior to this venture of Brooke's, Mr. Charles Bass attempted to revive the fortunes of the place by producing Mrs. Fanny Kemble's play of the "Duke's Wager," with Julia Dean, Miss Marie Duret and others in the cast. The season lasted but one or two weeks and then effervesced. The Astor Place Opera House, transmogrified into a library, stores, lecture rooms and a banking-house, is now known as Clinton Hall.

Hand Organs---Their History and Mystery.

Mr. S. H. Taylor is the only man in North or South America who manufactures hand organs, and the only establishment in this hemisphere where these music machines are made is situated in New York. We let the New York *Mail* tell the rest of the story:—Here is manufactured, except the iron work, made to order at Westmoreland, N. Y., every part of the hand organ, which is well defined by his name. It is merely an organ arranged to play automatically from a rotary motion, if you like that better. Its parts are the pipes, arranged vertically in the front, the barrel, placed at the top and back, the keys vertical between the two, the bellows under the barrel, and the grinding and shifting gear at the side—a most excellent example of economy of space. The soaring pipes is the barrel, which is the length of the hand organ, and about four or five inches diameter. This is wound in with little brass points or staples—according to the length of the tune—which, when the barrel revolves, enter the keys and open the pipe valves. They project about the eighth of an inch above the cylinder and for each tune are allowed one-sixteenth of an inch along the length of the barrel to every key, the latter being placed at a distance apart corresponding to the number of tunes. One revolution invariably plays the whole tune, and longer tunes have to be cut down to this, except for regular operatic organs, where an automatic shaft apparatus is used. Otherwise the barrel is shifted by gear at the side under control of the grinder, which makes a difference of one-sixteenth one way or the other along the barrel.

The pipes are made from hard wood, as boxwood, or from reeds. The blast for them is furnished by the bellows, which are worked by gear from the crank like the barrel. The keys resemble those ordinarily used in musical instruments. Those five parts are packed neatly and compactly together in the case, connected properly, the gearing and warming right, and the result is a hand organ ready to delight or torment people as the case may be.

Mr. Taylor's work is, as we have said, the most important part. An ordinary piece of sheet music is before him and the barrel of a hand organ is mounted below it so as to revolve with a large wheel at his left hand. This wheel is divided up into parts which correspond to the bars in music. Above the barrel are a set of keys, with little teeth that indent the paper wound around the barrel. He sits down before the instrument, revolves the wheel one bar, and strikes with a sort of hammer the proper keys, then revolves again and continues the tune. The little indentation s mark the places of the brass points and staples, which another man easily inserts.

About one out of four of the organs in this country is imported from France, at a cost of from $100 to $200 in gold; all the rest are made by Mr. Taylor, and bring from $100 to $170 currency. The barrel part is worth from $35 to $70. Sometimes he turns out three or four a week, sometimes none, besides repairing, etc. When he is sick none can be made. He now merely fills orders as they come in, but says he could do four or five times as much business if he wished. Those ordering pay one quarter of the amount in advance, and choose any tunes they please. The best organs weigh from thirty-six to seventy-five pounds each. A play from seven to fourteen tunes. They range from six-an keys, two octaves, up to forty-six—the latter when piccolo and cornet stops are included.

Of course tunes, like most subluxary articles, gradually grow old and out of fashion. The "Arkansas Traveler" would now be decidedly flip Van Winkle-ish, and even "Dixie" is a thing of the past. In such cases the organ barrels are start d back to Mr. Taylor, who, for from $3 to $5, takes out any of the old tunes and puts in any new one. Thus, away out of sight of humanity in general, he is always posted up as to the status of musical air and public ear. He says that during the war organ went south by way of the Rio Grande, and none of them had a chance of decent treatment by our wayward sisters, except they played very enthusiastically "Bonnie Blue Flag"—an old, old college song, by the way—and the "Marseillaise." This year six hundred organs have been introduced to "La Grande Duchesse," while nearly two hundr d and fifty have made the acquaintance of "Champagne Charlie," the most popular tune for along time back.

THE RING.

DETERMINED P. R. ENCOUNTER

BETWEEN

BILLY EDWARDS, OF NEW YORK,

AND

SAM COLLYER, OF BALTIMORE,

FOR THE

Light Weight Championship and $1,000 a side,

FOUGHT AT

CHERRY POINT, VA., AUG. 24.

EDWARDS KNOCKS COLLYER OUT OF TIME.

47 Rounds in 1 Hour and 14 Minutes.

The match for the championship between those light weight boxers, Sam Collyer, champion, and Billy Edwards, a novice, for $2,000, was decided on the Virginia shore of the Potomac river, on Monday, 24th ult., and was vilted, contrary to universal expectation, in the success of the latter. Full particulars will be found in the subjoined report of our representative.

THE MEN.

WILLIAM EDWARDS commenced his probationary existence on this mundane sphere at West Birmingham, England, on St. Thomas' Day, 1844, and as a natural consequence he is now in his twenty-fourth year. In height, he reaches 5 feet 4½ inches, without his Oxford ties, is a well-built, muscular young fellow, powerfully developed about the arms and upper portion of the body, of very light complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes, and in appearance looks like anything else but a fighter. He learned the trade of an iron moulder in the old country, where he was thrown among the boxing element, and, evincing a decided fancy for the noble art, he took lessons from some good men, and by frequent practice became quite a proficient with the gloves. Having heard so much about the giant Republic of the West, he became possessed with a desire to visit the land of promise himself, and, acting upon the idea, arrived in New York on the 10th of May, 1865. Appearing shortly afterward at a sparring entertainment given in the metropolis, his ability as a slashing boxer was at once recognized, and since then he has taken a prominent part in nearly every exhibition of this character which has taken place in this city or vicinity, as well as many outside, always proving a big card. He has been seen in a number of contests, and in all near his size, and it's been very seldom, indeed, that he has been bested, even by men much heavier than himself. His numerous sets-to with poor dead and gone Jim Fox will long be remembered by the fraternity as among the most exciting they ever witnessed. The rivalry produced thus came very near bringing about a match between them, a meeting being held for that purpose, but they failed to come to terms, owing, it was universally believed, to the preponderance of the Fox element. The falling through of these negotiations occasioned much disappointment, as a meeting in the ring was earnestly desired by the fraternity, that the question of who was the better man should be settled beyond further controversy. Edwards continued to work pretty steadily at his business until February last, when, having been promised the necessary funds, and being desirous of trying himself with the naked fists, he accepted the challenge issued by Sam Collyer, and entered into the preliminaries for the above glorious benefit in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other places, none of which proved very remunerative, about six weeks before the day fixed upon he located himself at Morrisville, Pa., opposite Trenton, N. J., where he commenced a regular course of preparation under the mentorship of Dooney Harris, remaining there until Saturday, 15th ult., when he took his departure for Baltimore, where excellent quarters had been secured for them by John Charles, at the "Clipper Studio," at the house of Dan Daniels, a private citizen residing at Canton, and a sporting blade of the right stripe. Here Edwards and Harris were in clover, having everything they could desire, the jovial landlord and his obliging, kind-hearted lady, being seemingly unable to do enough for them. Billy remained there up to the day of battle, taking regular exercise daily, and at one time being, we understand, down to 117 lbs. Billy has a very genteel personnel and pleasing address, is rather modest and retiring in disposition, and by his gentlemanly demeanor and unassuming manners commands the respect and esteem of those with whom he is thrown in contact.

Sam Collyer (right name, Walter Jamieson) is of Scotch descent, although having been ushered into existance at Bologne, France, in 1842. In height he stands 5 feet 5½ inches in his stockings, and when in trim for battle lowers the beam to 128 lbs. His parents removed from the sausage district when Sam was but an infant, and his childhood was passed in Britain until he had attained his thirteenth year, when the family emigrated to the Land of Washington, settling in Williamsburgh, L. I. Like all the hardy sons of Auld Scotia, Sam was exceedingly fond of athletic pastimes, especially boxing, and while yet in his teens took an active part in a number of sparring exhibitions in Williamsburgh, the qualities which he then gave evidence of possessing causing him to be looked upon as a very likely young fellow. At the breaking out of the rebellion he joined the 139th regiment N. Y. S. V., and served with credit until its termination, having risen to the rank of orderly. Collyer took up his residence in the Monumental City, from whence he was backed for his maiden encounter in the ensured circle, with a young fellow named Mike Carr, *alias* John English, formerly of New York, where he had a turn-up with Johnny Grady in the "bloody sixth." They fought near Baltimore, March 18th, 1866, Sam polishing his rival off in just 14 rounds and 24 minutes. He scored his second victory over Race Boiler, called Horatio for short, near Alexandria, Va., for $300 a side, May 8th, 1866, 40 rounds being fought in 55 minutes. Between these matches Sam tried to get on with Jim Kerrigan, and articles were drawn up, signed, sealed and delivered, and a forfeit of $25 placed in our hands by either party. Through some misunderstanding, however, Jim's second installment failed to connect and re he was obliged to forfeit. The next and greatest victory of the series with which Sam is credited was achieved over the renowned Barney Aaron, who thought he had a very soft thing and was sorely tripped up. This took place on Pohick Landing, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, June 20th, 1866, and was for $500 a side, and the Light Weight Championship, which Barney had held in quiet so long a time that it was thought he would be allowed to fall into the sere and yellow leaf with his blushing honors thick upon him. The fight lasted 2 hours and 15 minutes, and both men were dreadfully punished, Aaron being effectually "done brown," however, not willing to see the championship remain in Baltimore, Sam as his representative, looked about for some one else to meet, and finally met one Bonany McGlade, and they were matched, after considerable dilly-dallying, to fight at 128lbs. for $2,000. The fight was decided in favor of Collyer, near Goldsboro', Pa., Jan. 15, 1867, after battling 47 rounds in 55 minutes—a one-sided affair. Aaron, still smarting under his defeat, now issued a challenge for another trial, and after much quibbling in regard to *locale*, a match was finally made, and they fought for $1,000 and the title of L. W. C., at Aquia Creek, Va., June 13th, 1867, when Aaron regained his lost laurels at the end of the 67th round, after they had been at it, under a blazing sun, for one hour and fifty-two minutes. Sam still refused to get on another match with Barney, but the latter was over here with the two trials he had already had, and so Sam was obliged to give up the hope he cherished of having a chance to retrieve the laurels thus lost. Billy Kelly, of New York, who fought Connolly, Lawler, Teddy McAuliffe and Johnny Grady, had issued a challenge to Collyer immediately after his second fight with Aaron, and upon negotiations with Barney falling through, Sam concluded to accommodate him. They fought for the championship and $1,000 a side, at Stickland, Pa., November 27, 1867, Collyer proving victorious after battling 111 rounds, in 1 hour and 50 minutes. Several weeks after this Abe Hicken challenged Collyer, and on December 30th a meeting was held between the men and their backers, but they were unable to come to terms, as Collyer refused to fight outside of Virginia or North Carolina—not wishing to render himself or friends liable to arrest and imprisonment—and Hicken's backers would not consent to go there. Nothing daunted, Sam issued a challenge to fight any man at 124lbs., for from $1,000 to $5,000 a side in Virginia, leaving it open two weeks. Ere the expiration of that period Billy Edwards accepted the cartel, covered Sam's deposit, and without that waste of words which usually attends the making of such matches, they agreed to fight in six months time at 124lbs., for $2,000 and the championship. Collyer continued to follow his profession as a clog dancer, etc., at the different places of amusement throughout the country, until within six weeks or so of the fixtures, when he located himself at Canton, a few miles from Baltimore. For some time he trained himself, having Billy White to rub him down, and during the latter portion he had the services of his old train er Johnny Newell, of the Coal City. He remained at his train er quarters until the day preceding the battle.

OFF FOR BALTIMORE.

The great distance to the battle ground, the physical wear and tear, loss of time and expense incidental to the trip, but above all the fixed belief in the minds of all that Collyer was destined to win, and the expected shortness of the battle would not repay the trouble of going, caused a falling off in the great majority of the fraternity, outside of Baltimore, Washington and the immediate neighborhood, from undertaking the journey to the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. Consequently, when we stepped aboard the 7.30 through Washington train, at Jersey City, on Saturday evening, August 22d, we saw but a score or so of well known ring goers; most conspicuous among the number—by reason of his excessive volubility—being Sam Kelso, the nobbler, who was in fine form and in more than usual good humor with all mankind, extolling the virtues of his muscle developers, and singing the praises of that living example of their efficiency, Sir Michael Costello, the Fourth Ward Demosthenes, to the evident dislike of "Modest Mike." Jem Colbert was also there, likewise Barney Aaron, Butt Riley, with his eyes wide open for "accidents," Sherry, Jack Gines, Harding the ped., "the deputy," and others, together with representatives of the daily and weekly press, including the patriarchal Joseph and Daniel with the light brown hair. These comfortably filled the smoking car, and, with the few who had gone on some hours previous, made up the sum total of the New York delegation at the ring side, although, had any one had an idea that such a rattling fight would have occurred, there would have been a large accession to the number. Nobody thought of trying to catch their winks, or, if they did, found it out of the question, and until the arrival of the train in the City of Monuments at three o'clock next morning, the time was passed in smoking, chaffing and hilarity, at times rather boisterous, but still harmless, there being just sufficient "Catawba" aboard to render everybody good tempered. As the engineer whistled down brakes and the rumbling of the wheels and the snorting of the iron horse ceased as the train entered the depot at Baltimore, it was besieged by a posse of the local brigade, who, evidently expecting an invasion by one of those "gangs of ruffianly looking roughs" whereof we read in the unpolluted columns of "respectable" dailies, closely scanned the faces of the passengers as they disembarked; but, not finding any fish for their net, they dispersed, and the boys went their several ways, some proceeding to the Clipper Shades, kept by John Charles, at West Fayette street (Edwards' headquarters in the city, as it had been Aaron's and Kelly's before), for an early eye opener, and others seeking their virtuous pleasures at Barnum's, Guy's, the Maltese and other houses, the delegate from Elm street composing himself to sleep on the stoop of the former, *perhaps* because he considered the atmosphere too oppressive and the mosquitoes too voracious within doors.

VISIT TO THEIR TRAINING QUARTERS.

After disengaging ourselves from the refreshing embraces of nature's sweet restorer at a seasonable hour on the morning of the 23d ult., which broke beautifully clear and pleasant, we took a stroll through the city as far as Charles's and English's saloons, located within a stone's throw of each other, and here we found assembled a few friends of the respective principals discussing the affair over cards and divers decoctions of hard stuff. Obtaining such information in regard to the *locale* of the men and how to get there, as we desired, we jumped aboard the Broadway cars and in due time found ourselves in Canton, one of the suburbs of the city. A walk of fifteen minutes brought us to Collyer's headquarters, a modest-looking little two-story brick house, with Sam's name in blue and gold over the door. It had formerly been occupied as a dwelling house solely, but being untenanted when Sam was looking out for a spot, he took it, erected a bar in what had originally been the parlor, and took his walks in the neighborhood. About a score of persons were gathered about the bar—all Baltimoreans—while in the commodious yard in the rear as many more were participating in or looking on at a four handed game of quoits. Billy White, who beat Mike Carr and succumbed to Darby Kelly, was busy dashing out the exhilarating beverage and raking in the "spoils," doing enough like Sam to be his boss brother," as a friend at our elbow remarked. We found the dancing pugilist in a room overhead, seated by a deal table, slowly "nibbling" a plate of roasted apples. He was clad in his heavy training clothes, and looked as dark as an Indian. He extended our salutation cheerfully, and said, in response to our inquiry, that he felt first-rate. On some one in the room alluding jokingly to the frugal repast he was then munching, Sam said, "Never mind, I'll be able to eat a good dinner to-morrow," showing the faith he felt in his ability to prove triumphant in the struggle which was to take place so soon. We were pleasantly surprised to find here Alex. Murray, the jolly bonifface of the "Constitution," Pittsburgh, one of Jimmy Hamill's backers, and Joe McCabe, of the same place, who had taken a notion to visit Sam while on a "bit of a hurrah" a week prior and liked it so well, notwithstanding the fact that each man had to do their own cooking, that they had remained to see the thing through, though we guess Alex. won't do it very soon again, after his experience on the downward trip. We also had a shake hands with Johnny Newell, Sam's good-humored trainer; Charley Nicols, of Gotham; and Morris, the dumb-bell swallower, who, with one or two others, were in the room. Retracing our steps about a quarter of a mile, we were piloted to Edwards' headquarters, one of a row of neat two-story brick buildings on Alice Ann street, near Burke, where he was very pleasantly quartered with Daniel Daniels, who, impressed with Billy's quiet, unpretentious demeanor, and wishing to see him treated as a stranger and an honorable competitor should be, opened his doors to him, and, while he remained with him, did everything which lay in his power to make him comfortable and cause him to feel as much at home as though he was in his own house. We discovered him, as we entered the door, stretched at length on the sofa in the cosy parlor, with Dooney seated close by, chatting with a couple of friends. After shaking hands and inquiring after his health, to which he laconically answered in a cheerful voice, "Feeling well, thank you," we sat down and chatted away a few moments. Both Edwards and Harris spoke in the highest terms of the treatment they had received at the hands of the landlord and landlady, as well as others, and we felt convinced that it was deserved when, a few minutes later, the "hidestical hindividual" entered, and upon Dooney introducing him to us as "the boss," Mr. D. replied, "No, I sin't; he's the boss," which some would take to be a rough shot at Harris, but it wasn't intended as such. They complained bitterly because their efforts to obtain a boat to take their friends had, they alleged, been frustrated by the opposite party, both men being compelled to go by the same boat, and consequently the profits of the excursion all go one way. They were visited by a number of friends during the day, all of whom expressed their well wishes, without, however, expecting them to be fulfilled. The shades of night beginning to fall, we returned to the city to prepare for the "moonlight excursion down the bay."

STEAMING DOWN THE BAY.

The principals having been arrested several days prior and required to give bonds in $2,500 each not to fight in the State of Maryland, no further interference by the authorities was anticipated, and consequently no particular effort was made to keep secret the fact that the steamer Metamora had been chartered to convey Collyer and Edwards and their friends to the ground selected, and that she was to leave the Light street wharf at eleven o'clock P. M. Upon arriving at the spot we found about one hundred persons outside the gates which barred their entrance to the dock, while the last of those who had taken passage on board the steamer for an excursion from which she had returned half an hour before were leaving her decks. About a quarter before eleven o'clock the gates were thrown open, and the impatient crowd, which had by this time greatly increased in numbers, began to gather on the steamer, a police officer stationed upon either side of the narrow entrance to see that none passed by except those who were provided with the requisite pasteboard, or forked over its equivalent in the shape of a five dollar greenback, or somewhere thereabouts. Quite a number, however, managed to elude the vigilance of those on the look-out, and made their escape unobserved paying a red, by climbing on the vessel from small boats and jumping aboard from barges anchored near. John English had charge of the Hibernian and Australian department, and Billy Edwards that of the Britons, the bow of the boat, behind which were scores of beer kegs, covered with ice, in addition to villainous liquids of a more potent character in vast abundance. A long table was also formed, of rough pine boards, on the lower deck, behind which a woman and a girl of tender years were stationed, dispensing a smoking hot decoction, inappropriately styled coffee, and tough ham sandwiches, for which, as well as the liquors, exorbitant prices were charged. When the cables were cast loose and the Metamora steamed out into the stream a number on board was between five and six hundred, nearly all Baltimoreans, and generally of the rougher sort. Many of them were already "under the influence," and additional potations, not taken in moderation, soon made them ripe for any sort of deviltry, and ere we had fairly got under way, several of the "blood fub" stamp showed that they were absolutely "spoiling for a fight." Chief among these turbulent spirits was young Joe Beard, who seemed to take delight in roaring him, and finally succeeded in creating a disturbance upon a rather larger scale than he anticipated. When nearly opposite Annapolis, Beard entered the ladies' cabin, on the lower deck, where a large crowd had gathered, singing, joking and skylarking, and, approaching a young fellow, "playfully" slapped him in the face. Whether he intended this as an insult or not we do not know, but the recipient evidently took it in that light, for instantly jumping to his feet he threw a slung shot, which he had in readiness, at Beard's head, cutting him severely. All was confusion worse confounded in a moment, the friends of the respective parties arraying themselves upon either side, whipping out knives and revolvers and firing and slashing right and left in the commendable endeavor to annihilate each other, while those who were

the wear and tear of the ring so often already. From what we have seen of Collyer we do not think that he is in proper condition to fight below 128 lbs., and, should he enter the ring again, he will do well not to continue to reverse the order of things by battling at a lesser weight each time. Another thing which operated greatly to his disadvantage, too, was the manner in which he was seconded, for although Newell and Mealley may be very good in that capacity under ordinary circumstances, with all due deference be it said that they are not "knowing" enough to oppose such generals in ring matters as Dooney Harris and Barney Aaron, who understand more of the trickery of the arena, probably, than any other couple in the States, and what they don't know aint worth fretting over, certain. That they, by their management, gained their man much time when he sadly needed it there can be no doubt, and to their exertions is due, in no little degree, the result. Edwards astonished his warmest admirers by the cleverness with which he fought, being cool and collected all through, showing but little signs of a novice, and proving himself beyond dispute possessed of great gameness and heavy hitting powers, although he knows comparatively nothing of the tricks of the ring and is rather slow upon his feet. During the last few rounds Collyer showed symptoms of distress, although always responding with alacrity to the call. Brandy was given him to drink several times, and during the interim Johnny Roche held a cloth saturated with liquor over the pit of his stomach. The hailstorm of powerful blows—such heavier than he had before received in any of his fights—confused him, causing him at times to strike out wildly, and he manifested an inclination to avoid them by wrestling, although it is a question whether he did not weaken himself more than his rival by adopting these tactics, as Billy did not attempt to wrestle except in exceptional cases, burying himself with a rumbling sway at Collyer as the latter struggled, and more than once did Sam, although on top, get the worst of the fall. Edwards appeared at least as strong on his legs at the finish as in the first round and his blows had fully as much steam.

ROXBURY BOUND.

The battle over, a rush was made for the boats and in an hour's time all had safely re-embarked and the steamers were under way on the homeward trip. Collyer was put to bed in the state room of the pilot—which he and Edwards had occupied in company on the run down—while Billy was allowed by those having charge of affairs to shift for himself or obtain a resting place wherever his friends could secure it for him, which at best was a hard bench in the ladies' cabin, where he lay until the vessel reached the city. This was rather rough treatment, to say the least, and the party or parties who were responsible for it are deserving of the severest censure. It should, we think, be placed upon the shoulders of those who had chartered the boat, and whose business it was to see to it that proper accommodations were provided for both men, but which they most shamefully neglected. Beyond a prolonged altercation, which at one time threatened to change from a war of words to something more serious, between a couple of well known metropolitans whose blood was overheated by an inordinate guzzling of fire water, nothing transpired to mar the harmony of the return trip, which was much pleasanter than the outward voyage, as after daylight had fled a brilliant moon shone from a cloudless sky, into the deliciously cool upon the water. Fearing that intelligence of the shooting affray on board had reached the ears of the authorities and that an attempt would be made to arrest all hands, the captain considered it advisable to stop at a different dock from that from whence we started, and accordingly the boat landed at Canton, where the "excursionists" disembarked and took the cars into the city. Great anxiety was manifested by the citizens of Baltimore to learn the result, and as we passed along the street, men, women and children propounded the inquiry—"Who won?" and when told the truth could scarcely credit it, so sure were all of a different issue. Collyer was taken direct to his headquarters at Canton, while Edwards proceeded with John Charles to the "Clipper Shades," where he was to remain throughout the following day and night, and then return to his former quarters at the house of Mr. Daniels, in Canton, with liberty to stay there "just as long as he pleased," said Dan, joyfully. He purposes giving an exhibition at the Monumental City in a few days, which will doubtless be largely attended, as all who were present at the mill will be anxious to see him give an illustration on the mimic stage of how he conquered their supposed invincible townsman. Wherever we have been since the fight we have found the universal feeling to be one of surprise at the result, and while acknowledging the unexpected fighting qualities shown by Edwards and giving him the credit he deserves for the victory, achieved in spite of so many difficulties and discouragements, nearly all express sympathy for a good little man, who, after a long and honorable career, is vanquished by a novice in a battle into which he had been drawn more by force than inclination, and which he had resolved should be his final appearance within the ropes. We never saw a man so much cut up at his defeat, and, as they observed the look of pain and mortification which settled upon his face, how scarcely one among the noisy throng, enemies as well as friends, who did not deeply commiserate him, if not regret his ill luck. Disappointments must be looked for at times, however, and he should remember that all are liable to be tripped up in their calculations, of the truth of which a better proof than given by this instance could not be found. Whether he will make an effort to retrieve his fortunes remains to be seen, but, from what we know of the spirit of the man, we think that, should anything occur having arisen, he will reconsider his expressed resolve, and try to regain the laurels thus snatched from his brow.

AN INTERRUPTED BATTLE.

A mill was arranged to come off this week in the neighborhood of the Potteries, between Jem Whitehouse, of Leek, and John Holmes, of Longton, who were to fight at catch weight for £40. Holmes and his friends started from Longton on the night of the 2d inst. soon after 12 o'clock, intending to proceed to Leek, where Whitehouse and his supporters were to join them, and then on to Buxton, where the fight was to take place. The neighborhood of the Potteries has of late been unfortunate for the lovers of the ring, several affairs having been interrupted and the principals brought to grief. This proved no exception, for somehow the police got an inkling of the matter, and were on the alert, both at Longton and Leek. The Longton party were followed by a number of policemen, who tracked them to Leek, and were reinforced by a posse of officers under the command of the local superintendent. Whitehouse and his friends joined the party and, pursued by the police, they made for Buxton. At Flash Bar, a favorable spot having been pitched upon, the ring was formed in the presence of the police, the lads prepared to settle their differences. The scene was on the borders of Derbyshire, and for this reason the knights of the ring considered themselves safe from the interference of the Staffordshire police. The latter, however, showed themselves determined to prevent the fight at all hazards, and after a short scuffle the stakes were pulled and the party retraced their steps back to Leek. Here the police, thinking that the pugilists were disheartened, left them. The lads, being evidently determined to settle the business, from Leek went to Endon, where a ring was formed in a field opposite the principal public house. The owner of the field gave information to the parish constable, a worthy shoemaker, who, poor man, at once proceeded to the spot and conjured the disturbers of the peace, by the authority with which he was vested, to disperse, threatening to "lock them up" if they did not comply with his summons. The party comprised about two hundred persons, and, as might be supposed, the efforts of the valiant Knight of Crispin were fruitless. His courage "waxed" stronger, however, with opposition, and it was not until he attempted to seize the ropes and stakes that his wish was removed to the outside and prevented from further mischief. The lads then set-to and fought about twenty rounds, when the police arrived from Leek and broke into the ring. In the *melee* which ensued Whitehouse was captured, and with him, as well as the ropes and stakes, the police marched off in triumph. It would be impossible to say who had the advantage in the rounds which were fought, as the confusion was very great throughout, and several false alarms were raised. On the 6th inst. Whitehouse was brought before the magistrates at the Leek Petty Sessions, charged with a breach of the peace. The evidence of the police and the Endon parish constable was taken. The charge was very strongly pressed by the wish of the chief constable of the county, who, as was stated by Superintendent Williams, was anxious that prize fights should be prevented in the county. Whitehouse bore many marks of the fight, his eyes being almost closed up, his cheeks terribly swollen and the right jaw lame, as if from the effect of a severe tall. He pleaded very strongly to be let off, saying that he had been led into it, and only fought to screen himself from the charge of cowardice. He promised that if let off he would never fight again. The magistrates evidently remembered that

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;"

and when the devil was well, the devil a saint was he;"

and determined to make an example of the prisoner. The chairman committed the prisoner to take his trial at the Stafford Quarter Sessions. This being a very unusual proceeding, excited considerable surprise. The prisoner was admitted to bail, himself in £100 and two sureties in £50 each, the same bail being required that the prisoner would in the meantime keep the peace. Bail was immediately forthcoming and the prisoner was released. It was stated in court that the other principal in the fight and the referee and seconds had absconded, and were thought to be at Birmingham or Wolverhampton. Warrants were issued for their apprehension.—*Bell's Life.*

A PUGILISTIC ADVENTURE.—Railway traveling has its jokes as well as its perils, in Canada as well as in the States, where every train is the stage of a comedy, and sometimes a tragedy, especially on the Erie. An incident which blended the farce and the tragedy, in fact a case of waking up the wrong passenger with a vengeance, occurred on the Grand Trunk night express west lately. A southern gentleman, accompanied by his wife, son, nurse and three or four daughters, was proceeding westward and took berths for the whole party on the sleeping car. Himself and wife occupied a berth at one extremity of the car, while the daughters and nurse were compelled to seek slumber (not that they found it) at the other end, the cars being so crowded that two contiguous sections could not be obtained. The eldest daughters, aged eighteen and nine respectively, occupied the lower berth, the nurse and her charges the upper. Towards midnight the nine-year old woke up and went to the drinking fountain for a drink of water; returning, she went to the left hand berth instead of the right, when oh, horror! what sight met her gaze? Her sister, as she supposed, was snoring peacefully with her face near a masculine face abundantly bearded. She tottered to her sire and whispered the horrible tidings in his ear. The sire arose, the hot blood of southern chivalry boiling in his veins, and rushed to the indicated berth. It was damnably true, the same hair, the same gray poplin dress—there was no room left for doubt and he let the slumbering man have it between the eyes, straight from the shoulder, a blow from the injured father's arm which would have felled an ox. The astonished man awoke, and strove to defend himself from the shower of blows, but the surprise and his cramped position prevented him. The lady, faithless viper, woke, screamed "my husband," to the amazement of the pugilistic parent, who at once imagined a secret intrigue. And from the opposite berth the original daughter screamed, "papa." Tableau. The father was covered with shame and tendered ample apologies, which the assaulted at first refused to accept, wishing for blood. At last the matter was quieted. Next morning the parties met at breakfast at Cobourg, where the ladies formed an amalgamation, and all thereafter went as merry as an engine bell; the assaulted entering Toronto in triumph, with two black eyes, a nose big enough for two, and a frontispiece illustrated with cuts.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—On August 10th the neighborhood of Harrow was enlivened by an old rivalship being decided between Young Berry and Painter Sherwood, for £5 a side, when, after fighting nine good rounds in 19 minutes, the Chimney (Young Berry) won in good style. Sherwood declaring he would fight no more. .....The 8st. 6lb. (118lbs.) match between Peter Morris and Harry Taylor goes on all right, and it promises to be an exciting affair.....The match between Tyson and Joe Cross has ended in a forfeit on the part of the latter.....George Cheer is now in England and published a challenge to fight J. Grinley at 104lbs. or 100lbs. Ready stopping in Manchester.....Ted Napper has challenged Jem Tyson to fight him for £50 or £100 a side at catch or his own weight.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—A correspondent writing from St. Louis, Mo., corroborates the report published in a recent issue to the effect that Andy Duffy, who fought Rumsey and others, has passed in his checks. Our informant states that he died at Fort Harker, Kansas, after a brief illness. He also mentions the decease of Johnny Lafferty, who was beaten by Steve O'Donnell, at Leavenworth, Kansas, on July 22d, of brain fever.

DENNIS O'BRIEN SHOT AGAIN.—This western sporting man and backer of Mike McCoole appears to have a peculiar faculty for getting into difficulties of a serious character and coming out of them second best. On the 30th ult. he was dangerously shot in the Grotto Saloon, St. Louis, by some person unknown. Hopes are entertained of his recovery.

DR. LARDS' BLAZING WEEKLY SHARP-SHOOTER is a thorn and terror to Philadelphians. It is terse, logical, eccentric and spicy, being outrageous.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

CLERK NOT TRUSTED.—A subscriber writes that he takes no stock in the "New Woman's Club." He says the "old woman's club" is enough for him, and frequently too much.

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE CHAMPIONS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

UNIONS, OF MORRISANIA, vs. CINCINNATI.

A SPLENDID GAME.

On Monday, 24th of Aug., the game between the Champion Club of the United States and that of the west took place on the Union Grounds, Cincinnati. The day was cloudy and cool, and an immense assemblage, numbering probably between five and six thousand, was present. The Cincinnatis won the toss and sent the Unions to the bat. Goldie, the first to face Harry Wright, after striking two fouls, hit a grounder to Waterman, who muffed it, and Goldie reached first and stole second. Austin followed and made a home run on a solid hit past Hatfield, bringing home Goldie. Martin, after having two strikes called, went out on a foul to Allison. Pabor got to first on a safe hit to right, and Wright, by a grounder to same, reached second and sent Pabor to third. Birdsall sent a pretty fly to Hatfield, who held it. Shelly next out on a foul bound; two runs, Pabor and Wright being left. On the Cincinnati side How went to first base on three balls. Wright, by a safe hit to right, sent him to third and reached first, stealing second. Johnson sent up a little fly which stopped in Goldie's clutches. Gould now went to the bat, which play was delayed by an accident to Birdsall, who was hit in a delicate place. He soon recovered, however; Gould sent a fly to Martin, who held it. How came in on a passed ball. Hatfield tipped out. One run for Cincinnati.

In the second innings Smith sent a grounder to How, who failed to get it to first in time. Bellan sent a safe high one over short. Smith getting home; Goldie then hove an immense fly to left field, which Hatfield touched but did not hold. Bellan to third and Goldie to second; Austin sent one to Harry, who passed it to Gould. Martin raised one which Hatfield took, Bellan getting in. Pabor sent a big one to centre, bringing in Goldie and making a clean home run. Wright reached first on a safe hit to centre; Birdsall sent one to How, who passed it to Brainard, putting out Wright. Four runs in this innings. On the other side Allison went to first on called balls, and stole second and third. Brainard went out on a foul tip. Waterman did the same. Allison stole in. King sent a grounder to Wright, who threw it to Goldie in ample time.

In the third innings the champions were whitewashed; Birdsall and Bellan going out at first, and Smith by a fly to Brainard, Shelley reaching his base on a clean hit and being left. On the Cincinnati side Wright and Johnson scored, How and Allison going out on fouls, and Gould at second from Hatfield's hit to Shelley, Hatfield being left on first.

In the fourth innings the champions received another round "O," Goldie, Austin and Mortimer going out, the two former on foul bounds taken by Hatfield and Allison, and Martin on a fly over short superbly taken on the run by Hatfield. The Red Stockings made one run, Waterman; Brainard going out on a foul bound taken by Birdsall, King by a throw of Birdsall to Shelley in trying to steal third, and Wright, after a good hit, by a throw of his brother George to Goldie, How being left on third.

In the 5th innings the Unions made two, the lucky ones being Wright and Shelley, the latter having made third on a hit that would have been a home run had any one but Hatfield been fielding. Smith and Bellan got to their bases, the latter on a muff by Johnson, and were left there by Goldie going out on a fly to Hatfield. The Red Stockings had one added to their score by Gould, who reached third on a splendid hit over Smith, and was sent in by Allison; the latter being in turn left on second, Johnson fouling out, and Hatfield and Brainard retiring on little flies taken by Wright and Pabor.

None of the champions reached first in the 6th, Austin, Martin and Pabor each going out on flies to the outfielders, King, Hatfield and Johnson. The Cincinnati boys scored two, with Johnson and Wright left on second and third, How and Gould tipping out, and Hatfield falling victim to Smith after a big hit. The score now stood 8 each, and there was great enthusiasm.

In the seventh as the sixth the first base was for the Unions a promised land seen from afar, but not reached; Wright sending a foul to Hatfield, Birdsall raising a fly for How to take, and Shelly driving a low one to Waterman, who fielded it to first. The Cincinnatis followed the other side's good example this time, receiving their first whitewash, Allison tipping out, Brainard giving Wright a fly, and Waterman doing Shelley the like favor.

In the 8th innings the Unions made three, Smith, Bellan and Austin getting home after good hits; Wright and Pabor got to first and second respectively, and then the latter was put out at third on a forced run by Birdsall's hit to short stop. The Red Stockings made nothing, How and Johnson hitting flies for Shelley and Geo. Wright, and Harry Wright going out at first by Martin's throw to Goldie, King being left on second.

In the last innings the Champions were fairly whitewashed, the third base by being put out by How on a third before Shelley came home, though for some reason a run was allowed; Wright went out on a fly to Hatfield; Birdsall was fielded out at second by Waterman, and Shelley, Smith and Bellan were on the bases when Goldie hit to How, who stopped on third.

The Red Stockings received another whitewash in the last innings, through Gould's folly. Gould and Allison reached their bases; Hatfield went out on a fly to Wright; Brainard did the same, and Gould, having started from second to third, was caught before he could get back.

The game was so well contested that the least bit of luck in the last innings might have turned the tables. There was some grumbling at the umpire, but very unjustly, we think. He made several glaring blunders, it is true, but these were plainly errors of judgment merely. In the fourth innings Waterman was certainly out on a forced run by a throw of George Wright to Martin; but this was balanced in the same innings by declaring King out at third by a throw from Birdsall to Shelley, when it was more than doubtful. In the last innings Shelley was certainly not entitled to his run, for he stopped before reaching the home plate to watch How's play. And this was the more unfortunate, as it brought the champion's score up to that against the Buckeyes, when there were bets pending on this very point. We add a complete score:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Goldie, 1st b.	3	2	1	1	0	0
Austin, c f.	3	2	0	0	0	0
Martin, 2d b.	5	0	0	2	3	0
Pabor, c.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Wright, s s.	3	1	2	4	3	0
Birdsall, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Shelley, 3d b.	2	2	1	1	1	0
Smith, l f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Bellan, r f.	3	1	2	1	0	0
Totals.	29	10	8	12	11	0

CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.	P.	O.	A.	E.
How, s s.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Wright, p.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Johnson, r f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Gould, 1st b.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Hatfield, 1 f.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Allison, c.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Brainard, 2d b.	5	0	0	1	3	0
Waterman, 3d b.	2	0	1	1	2	1
King, c f.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Totals.	27	6	5	12	6	1

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	3	4	0	0	1	2	0	0	0—10
Cincinnati	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—6

Base on balls—Cincinnati, 10; Union, 16. Fouls caught—Allison, 3; Birdsall, 1; Smith, 1; total, 5. Base play—Put out by Goldie, 5; Birdsall, 1—6. Assisted by Martin, 1; Wright, 3; Birdsall, 1; Shelley, 1. Put out by Gould, 1; Brainard, 2; How, 1; Waterman, 1—5. Assisted by How, 2; Wright, 1; Brainard, 2; Waterman, 2; directly—How, 1. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 9; Union, 10. Fouls caught—Hatfield, 2; Allison, 3—5. Shelley, 4; Birdsall, 9—13. Misplays other than given—Union, 11; Cincinnati, 4. Bases on hits—Union, 15; Cincinnati, 8. Clean home runs—Austin, 1; Pabor, 1; King, 1. Umpire—J. J. McCook, Mears Club, of Steubenville, O. Scorers—Lush and Bascom. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

UNION vs. CINCINNATI.

A SECOND GAME AND DEFEAT OF THE CHAMPIONS.

The close game of Monday, August 24th, between the Unions and Red Stockings did not satisfy the latter, so they challenged the Champions to another trial the next day. The offer was accepted, and another large audience was assembled on the Union grounds, though not equal to that of the previous day. The Unions having won the toss, sent the Western lads to the bat, and at three o'clock play was called.

The game opened very auspiciously for the Cincinnatis, How, Johnson and Gould scoring, Wright being put out, on a forced run at second, by Martin's throw to George Wright, and Hatfield and Allison dropping flys into Martin's and Shelley's paws. On the side of the Champions, Goldie tipped out; Austin sent a grounder to Gould, at first, and Martin hit a nice one to How, who passed it to Gould, whitewashing the Unions.

In the second innings the Red Stockings scored two, Brainard and Waterman coming in on a fine hit to centre by How, who reached first and was fielded out, when Wright hit safely to third, who threw to Martin and the latter to Goldie, making double play; King sent up a foul fly for Birdsall. The Unions on their part received a second whitewash, Wright and Birdsall being taken on the fly by How and Gould, and Shelley sending a grounder to How, who let Gould have it in good time, Pabor being left on third, which he had earned by a good hit.

The Cincinnatis added two more to their score in the third innings, Gouldie and Mathled counting, with Allison left on second, Johnson and Waterman going out at first, and Brainard on a fly to Martin. Bellan made the only run for the Unions, Smith sending a foul fly for Allison; Goldie had reached first on a safe hit to left, when Austin sent a grounder to Harry Wright at second, who touched Gouldie and passed the ball to Gould, retiring Austin also, amid great cheering.

In the fourth innings the Red Stockings increased their score by the runs of King, How and Johnson, with Hatfield left on first, Wright fouling out, and Gould and Allison popping up cloud-seekers for Bellan and Shelley. Martin made one for the champions, Geo. Wright falling victim to Hatfield on the fly, Pabor getting out at the home plate in attempting to steal in, and Birdsall sending a fly back of first, which Harry Wright took beautifully on the run.

The Red Stockings were whitewashed quickly in the fifth innings, Brainard tipping out, Waterman retiring by Pabor's throw to Goldie, and King on a fly by Martin. The Unions made one again, Smith getting in, Shelley and Goldie out on foul bounds to Allison, and Austin fielded out at first by Wright.

The Cincinnatis, in the sixth innings, made two through How and Gould, Wright and Allison being fielded out at first by Geo. Wright, and Johnson sending a foul bound to Birdsall; Hatfield was left on third. The champions, by a streak of batting, added four to their total, Martin, Pabor, Wright and Birdsall doing the business; Shelley and Gouldie popped up little 'uns for Brainard; and Smith, after a good hit, was fielded out at first by Harry Wright.

Innings the seventh was another whitewash for the western champions, Brainard and Waterman falling victims to Smith in left field, and King to Martin, well back of second, after a good run; King had the honor of putting the champions out this innings, taking Goldie, Pabor and Birdsall on the fly; Bellan and G. Wright scoring, the latter stealing home very cleverly.

In the eighth innings another whitewash for the Red Stockings; How and Wright being put out at first by Shelley's and Martin's throws, and Johnson sending a small fly to Goldie. The champions fared no better Shelley and Bellan going out on flies to Johnson and King, and Smith at the home plate, trying to steal home.

In the last innings Allison was sent home after reaching first by a superb hit to left centre by Brainard, who went to third on it, and then was left there. Hatfield and Waterman went out on fouls, and Gould at first by Pabor's throw. The Unions had now five to make to win, and nearly did it. Bellam, Goldie and Austin, three players in succession, made runs. Martin was first out by King; then Pabor and Wright got to second and first bases respectively, on safe hits. The score of the Unions was now twelve, but one run behind their opponents, with two men on bases, and but one out. The crisis had come. When Birdsall took the bat, Harry Wright took Brainard's place as pitcher, amid great cheering. Birdsall was terribly cautious, and had a strike called before he would strike. He fouled out. Allison played close behind the bat, and Pabor could not steal. Then Shelley went to the bat, and every one felt that on his hit the game depended. He, too, was over cautious; ball after ball was pitched, until the umpire became impatient and called a strike. Then Shelley struck a sharp grounder to right, which Brainard picked up and jumped before George Wright, blocking the way, and winning one of the most contested games ever played. The enthusiasm was immense, as it almost needless to add. The decisions of the umpire, Mr. McMullen, were good, and there was no fault to find with him. It was a fair and square beat, and nothing more can be said of it. We add the score:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Goldie, 1st b.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Austin, c f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Martin, 2d b.	3	2	0	4	2	0
Pabor, p.	3	1	2	0	4	0
Wright, s s.	3	2	0	0	1	0
Birdsall, c.	4	0	0	7	2	1
Shelley, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Smith, l f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Bellan, r f.	3	2	1	1	0	0
Totals.	27	12	5	19	10	1

CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.	P.	O.	A.	E.
How, s s.	3	2	0	0	1	0
Wright, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Johnson, r f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Gould, 1st b.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Hatfield, 1 f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Allison, c.	3	0	0	7	1	0
Brainard, p.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Waterman, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
King, c f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Totals.	30	3	1	19	6	0

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12—12
Cincinnati	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—3

Bases on hits—Union, 15; Cincinnati, 3. Fouls caught—Allison, 2; Shelley, 1; Goldie, 1; Wright, 1; Gould, 1; Hatfield, 1; Brainard, 1; Waterman, 1; King, 1; total, 10. Base play—Put out by Goldie, 1; Martin, 1; Wright, 1; Birdsall, 1; Shelley, 1. Put out by Gould, 1; Brainard, 2; How, 1; Waterman, 2; King, 1; directly—How, 1. First base on errors—Union, 1; Cincinnati, 1. Passed balls—Birdsall, 1; Allison, 2. Wild pitches—Wright, 1; Brainard, 1. Umpire—John F. McMullen, Buckeye Club. Scorers—Lush and Bascom.

THE CHAMPIONS' TOUR SUMMED UP.

The original programme, as arranged by the club, was completed, we are told, in the first game with the Cincinnati Club. It was then designed to play a game against a picked nine of the Buckeye and Cincinnati Clubs on Tuesday, the 25th, but this idea not being approved by the Cincinnati Club, an arrangement was effected with the latter, it is alleged, to play an exhibition game on Tuesday. This latter game, the Union claims does not count in the series of championship games, this being the express understanding before the game commenced. In order to make this more plain, it is claimed that the Cincinnati Club, in order to get the championship, would have to defeat the Unions in two more games, the best two games. We give below a complete summary of the published programme. The club, on its tour traveled through or crossed eleven States, as follows: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia and New Jersey. In accordance with the original programme, twenty games were played, not one being prevented by rain (the Excelsior game at Chicago was postponed on account of rain from Monday until Wednesday). We give in the first table the games played, with the score of each party, the numbers of innings played and the time of each game, with the date.

Name of Club.	Score.	Union.	Innings.	Time of Game.	Date.
National	19	38	9	3.45	July 17
Central City (Syracuse)	7	15	9	2.30	July 20
Auburn	36	47	9	3.00	July 21
Forest City (Cleveland)	7	25	9	2.45	July 21
Railway Union	5	43	9	2.30	Aug. 3
Detroit	11	39	9	2.45	Aug. 3
Central City (Jackson)	1	65	9	2.45	Aug. 4
Atlantic	13	41	9	3.35	Aug. 6
Cream City	18	48	9	3.00	Aug. 7
Capital City	12	77	9	3.30	Aug. 10
Forest City (Rockford)	17	25	9	2.35	Aug. 11
Excelsior	21	31	9	3.15	Aug. 12
Bloomington	71	37	9	3.05	Aug. 13
Union (St. Louis)	30	37	9	3.00	Aug. 14
Empire	11	36	9	2.50	Aug. 17
Active	6	36	9	2.35	Aug. 17
Louisville	11	80	9	3.10	Aug. 19
Eckford	4	30	9	2.40	Aug. 20
Buckeye	7	13	9	2.30	Aug. 22
Cincinnati	8	13	9	2.25	Aug. 24

NUMBER OF RUNS EACH INNINGS.

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Union	17	29	19	64	61	121	7	16	26	—360
Opponents	32	31	31	28	31	32	31	28	16	—240

NUMBER OF BLANKS EACH INNINGS.

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Union	4	1	7	2	3	3	1	1	0	—21
Opponents	1	2	2	3	2	1	3	1	1	16—72

TABLE OF OUTS, RUNS AND BASES.

PLAYERS.	No. Games.	Outs.	Runs.	Average Outs.	Average Runs.	Total Bases.	Clean Home Runs.	Base Runs.	Led Score.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.	Left on Base.	Stolen Bases.
Goldie	20	53	13	2-15	2-3	78	1	26	6	7	2	13	5
Austin	20	62	14	3-1	2-3	79	1	28	6	8	0	13	5
Martin	20	73	21	3-13	1-1	110	1	36	6	12	0	16	3
Pabor	20	67	20	3-7	1-0	143	3	40	7	13	0	8	9
Wright	20	49	110	2-9	5-10	178	10	54	10	21	0	12	9
Birdsall	20	67	78	3-7	3-18	98	3	41	8	16	0	16	0
Shelley	20	53	94	2-15	4-14	153	5	51	7	21	0	16	0
Bellan	13	39	61	3-0	4-5	82	3	30	4	12	0	7	6
Reynolds	2	12	13	5-	6-1	26	0	0	0	0	0	0	4

We wish to call attention to the columns headed "Led score" and "Strikes lost." Where two or more players have each had the same high score, each have been credited with reaching the score ones, the number of consecutive runs severally taken increasing. Under the column headed "Strikes lost" it will be seen that the number gradually increases as you descend the column, showing that the striker who leads the list never loses a strike, while all below him do so more or less. In order to explain this thing more fully, we will devote some space to the subject. It will be seen at once that, for all the strikers of a nine to have a a equal number of strikes the last man on the nine must be the last hand out, so that if any other person of the nine is put out last, all the players following that one will lose one strike each. This, in the course of a season, amounts to considerable. Consulting the above table, it will be seen that while Goldie lost no strike, and Austin but three, Shelly lost fourteen and Smith seventeen, making thereby quite a difference. The advantage here very plainly lies with the strikers at the head of the nine. A plan was proposed by a member of the Union nine, which was carried out for a short time during this season with success, there being but one member of the Union nine opposed to it. This arrangement equalizes the number of strikes, giving the same number to each man in the season. It is simply this:—Take the Union nine, for instance, in this order—Goldie, Austin, Martin, Pabor, Wright, Birdsall, Shelley, Smith and Bellan; suppose in the first game Pabor was put out last—now, if another innings should be commenced Wright would be the first striker. The idea, then, is to make Wright the first striker in the next game; then he will not lose his regular strike. This rule would be this, if Pabor is out last in the first game, Wright will be the first striker in the second game, the order being Wright, Birdsall, Shelley, &c., around to Pabor again. Then if Smith is out last in the second game, Bellan will be first the third game, and the order will then be Bellan, Goldie, Austin, Martin, &c. This will make the whole season's play like one long continued game, where the player next to the last hand out in one game becomes the first striker in the game following. The following are the number of fly catches made during the trip:—

Pabor, 26; Martin, 26; Pabor, 16; Wright, 31; Birdsall, 40; Shelley, 14; Smith, 22; Bellan, 7; Reynolds, 3.

Total number of men put out—By Goldie, 181; Austin, 26; Martin, 91; Pabor, 67; Wright, 46; Birdsall, 178; Shelley, 25; Smith, 32; Bellan, 7; Reynolds, 3.

RECAPITULATION.

Total number of games played, 21.
Total number of runs by Unions, 846.
Total number of runs by opponents, 249.
Average runs to a match—Unions, 40 and 6 over; opponents, 12 and 9 over.
Total number of innings played, 178.
Average of runs to an innings—Union, 4 and 94 over; opponents, 1 and 71 over.
Total time occupied in playing—58 hours, 35 minutes. Average to a game—2 hours 56 minutes.
No. of innings having double figures—Unions, 20; opponents, 2.
Home runs—33.
Best to individual score—Bellan, no outs, 13 runs.

[NOTE BY ED.—The above summary and tables do not include the second game with the Cincinnati Club, in which the Unions sustained their first and only defeat. The champions claim that it was an understood thing between the Union and Cincinnati clubs that the second game should not count in the series; that it was intended to be merely an exhibition game, and it was owing to such understanding and agreement that the game was played. We have all along held to the opinion that all games played on a tour should count in the general summing up; and it was in accordance with this view of the case that we decided a question submitted to us after the return of the Athletic Club. A bet was made that the Athletics would not lose a game on their tour. Their programme, as originally laid out, was complete; they were induced to play a game with the Excelsiors, of whatever, when they, the Athletics, were defeated, and the question being submitted to us, we decided that all games played from the time of leaving Philadelphia, until their return to that city should be counted in the summing up; and we have had no reason to change that opinion. We therefore consider that the second game with the Cincinnati Club should be included in the general summary of the champions' tour, unless it was distinctly and fairly understood by both the Union and Cincinnati club that the game in question was to be an exhibition game.]

ORIENTAL vs. GRAMERCY.

The return game of this match came off at the Union Park, Tremont, on the 26th. The Gramercys were in strong force and played an exceedingly sharp game. The Orientals, as usual, were short-handed, and although they won the game, their young opponents worried them considerably. In the first innings the Greenpointers had a decided advantage by a score of 10 to 4, but in the rest of the game the Gramercys gained on them, scoring 14 to 10, being only two behind at the end of the ninth innings. Lupton's "slows" bothered the Orientals somewhat, and with the exception of the fourth and seventh innings they did not get the hang of his delivery. The ground was against good fielding, and was complained of by both sides. It will take some time yet to put it in condition for match playing, and it will probably be another season before it will be fit for first class matches. Following is the score:—

ORIENTAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	P.
Reed, c.	3	1	0	0
Pinkham, s s.	4	2	1	0
Pinkham, p.	4	2	1	0
Butler, 1st b.	3	1	0	1
Rondell, r f.	3	1	1	1
Ostrander, l f.	1	4	0	1
Cook, c f.	1	0	0	1
Hobby, 3d b.	3	1	1	0
Rouston, 2d b.	3	2	0	0
Totals.	27	15	4	4

| INNINGS. | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

J. Newton Gotthold, Edmund Coles, Harry Fermon, Charles Parker, D. A. Kaye, McKean Buchanan, C. W. Kidder, Capt. Smith, John Denier, J. F. Sherry, Harry Richmond, Britton Baxley, Frank Oliver, G. B. Clark, R. S. Neldrum, Steve Ansley, Billy Dwyer, E. H. Britt, Wm. R. Floyd, Geo. W. Gates, Eddy Kane, Wm. Peak, W. W. Fobier (2), Morrisser Little, C. H. Mathews, Mr. Weightman, F. C. De H., Wm. B. Brown, William Naylor, Calixa Lavallee, J. E. Brown, W. H. Taylor, Harry Gurr, John L. Nye, C. Saylore, Nellie Huntley, Jotta Hill, Mrs. John Sayers, Mat Arthurton, Kate Brooks, Florence Noble, Fanny D. Phelps, Angela Sefton, Mrs. E. K. Anderson, Miss Dunning, Annie C. Forrest 100, Frederica Stacey, Lindley Kearns, Law Hallett (2), Johnny Sheridan, C. Ebberts, C. P. Edwards, Louis Gumpert, Dave Reed, L. B. Lent, James Collins, Thomas H. Jefferson, Charles Seely (2), Major Green, Mons. La Thorne, James B. Eddy, Joe Lang, Wm. Fowler, John A. Wood, Johnny Williams, E. W. Palmer, W. Hilton (2), Robert M. Bates, Harry Macarthy, Harry Leslie (2), William Lake (2), Frank Wilson, Spaulding & Bidwell (2), Geo. Morrison, Wm. Otis, F. X. Diamond, Sig. Martino, Jean D. F., M. L. F., Frank Parkhurst, J. J. Showles, S. Connor, Charlotte Reed (2), Ellen Dumont, Frankie McClellan, Isabella Preston, Maggie Talbott, Kate Leslie, Susan Denin, Annie Yeamans (2), Pauline Cushman (2), Hettie Williamson, Ada Wray.

Notice!

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, August 31, 1868.

THIS DAY, according to our editorial brethren of Poor Will's and other poor almanacs, brings the dogs days and the summer to a close, but the close state of the atmosphere at this particular moment reminds us very minutely of midsummer instead of the opening of autumn. Speaking of dogs, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, inasmuch as with the cessation of the dog star season many an engagement is terminated, for we know that quite a number of our fellow citizens have earned many an honest living by picking up careless dogs running about the streets like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour bime by, and taking them off to the pound, where the canine hunters received a small reward of merit for each dog delivered. That method of existing recalls and explains Gray's well-known line:—

"The cur few tolls[!]" etc.

.....Poor Menken! A few brief particulars are all that reach us of the death and burial of the Jewish Maiden. We are told that but fourteen persons followed her to the grave. Her dinners were largely attended—her funeral was not! Such is life, and—death!.....From grave to gay! "Our Jim" came very nigh getting himself into a "crim con case," as he calls it, a few evenings ago, while slowly strolling along the narrow way of our famous Broadway. "Jim" is an admirer of the ladies; he never loses an opportunity to "incur their pleasure," to use his own words; and we are not positive that "Jim" does not occasionally give a double "intoneder" to his words when conversing with some forlorn creature, whom fate and her own necessities have cast in his toe path, as he goes marching on, my boys, as he goes marching on. As "Jim" has got the thing down to a dot in his own peculiar style, we let him tell the tale, merely remarking that we have put the screed in ship shape to save the author from the ridicule which would surely have attended him had we put the poem in type "according to copy":—

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.
BY "OUR JIM."

I met a girl upon the street,
With a flower in her bonnet,
Said she, "The way to Sixth street? please."
Said I, "My dear, you're on it!"
She colored like a pickled beet,
She said, "You nasty, sassy,
Abominable, indecent thing!"
Said I, "O, Lord a massy!"

Said she, again, "I've lost my way,
And I'll forgive you, truly,
If you will start me Sixth streetward
And ask my pardon duly."
Said I, "My angel in disguise,
Should life depend upon it,
I cannot other answer make,
Than that you're really on it!"

And then and there she pulled my hair,
And mashed my paper collar,
And rent my lovely cambric tie,
That cost me half a dollar!
She bove a sigh and blacked my eye—
I scarce can write this sonnet—
And all because she was lost in the way,
And I told her she was on it!

.....'Blue Beard," cut down to suitable dimensions for our minstrel halls, is now casting its sheen [illegible] it must not be supposed that these halls of dazzling light are barber shops, because they employ a "Blue Barber." Oh! no, no, not for Joseph, or any other man, would we seek to inflict such a close cut! When our citizens once get a glimpse of this "Barber Blue," or "Barber Brown," they will be sure to "cut and come again."..... Managers are sorely importuned by young persons who desire to "fret upon the mimic boards," and one thing or another; and the worst of it is, they all want to "come out" in the most aggravating pieces. We have in our mind's eye, Horayah, one who imagined that he was not born to blush unseen, and therefore he buttonholed every manager he could get hold of; and if the coat would not, the strain the poor manager was doomed to listen to such agonizing tales as might harrow up the what you call 'em, and make each particular hair stand up like tallow candles or something or other upon the freckled porcupine up at George Wood's new Museum. Well, this modest, unblushing, cheeky young person in seeking for his what's its name got his Thermopolæ, as thus: This obdurate young person, after being hove out of the flies half a dozen times, having a big marble slab shied at his head, and being immured in the silent dungeon of a stage prison a whole night, with nothing to subsist on but old boots and nails, still kept on the uneventen or eleven of his ways, until he at length swooped down upon an unsuspecting manager who was just counting up his last night's profits after, we suppose, paying $300 rent for his theatre, $100 for the use of somebody's play, and $400 for his star and other performers, which left an unfavorable margin on t'other side, probably much to his own mortification and the serious loss of those above named, who didn't get their money owing to unforeseen circumstances, and so forth. This unfortunate manager, who was thus in a fine frenzy rolling about in his office when thus unceremoniously nabbed by the modest young Thespian, determined to rid himself of this incubus, and forever put an end to his sounding brass, as he expressed it. Well, the manager put on a pleasant stage smile (but William Shakespeare, you are aware, says that a manager "may smile, and smile, and be a villain")—and says to the youthful hero, says he:—"I would'st serve thee, young sir, for the love I bore thy parents; could'st thou, because you have seen my sandy block play?" "Anything—I'm heavy on Richard Third; can roar you as gently as a sucking dove in Hamlet or Claude; can sleep the sleep that knows no waking in 'Rip Van Wink-le,' or play the Clown in 'Humpty Dumpty.' In any or all of these I can bring the boxes to my feet, or call the galleries down!" "Thou art a man of many parts, forsooth," (or peradventure, we forget which) said the weary manager; "come thou here tomorrow, ere the City Hall bell hath four times thrice done salution to the morn, and I'll put thee through thy paces!" "I'll be with thee anon," responded the youth. As he took his way from the managerial presence, he thus soliloquised, as the novel writers say:—

"Was ever manager in this humor wooed?
Was ever manager in this humor won?"

True as you're born, that young man never slept a wink the whole of that long night; he was constantly springing from his couch and calling for another horse, or glass of beer; asseverating that "for one or both of us the time has come;" insisting upon Betsy Shuster, the chambermaid, hearing him spout about the Lake of Como, a deep, sequestered dell, and much other nonsensical matter, all of which "ere the last lone watch upon the midnight bell proclaimed the hour of noon"—as Zamiel, the Black Crookist, used to say—that guileless youth stood upon the mimic boards. Said he, in the well-known and much lamented language of Metamora, the live Injun, "you sent for me—I have come! Where be your minions now?" That was the cue. Instantly from every wing a head protruded, and at the same time three score of myrmidons of the law discharged their caribines pistols, and what not at the caput of the unhappy youth, and they continued to "blow holes through him"—to use the lively and expressive language of the P. R.—until he was perforated into a nutmeg grater, and ceased to exist. It appears that the manager, seeing no other means of getting rid of a troublesome customer, applied to one of our judges for an injunction to restrain the unfortunate person from interfering with his rights and privileges; this document was given to the sheriff to execute; but he, not wishing to deprive his deputies of their amusement, sent a posse of young sports to the theatre at midday, the hour at which the late lamented young man was to make his first and last appearance on the stage, with what result we have already stated. It is needless to add that the aspirant for dramatic fame has not troubled the manager since. They talk of getting up a complimentary testimonial to the worthy manager who conceived this magnificent scheme, and of presenting each of the gunners with a service of plate in one of our public institutions..... We met with quite a serious loss while returning from meeting last Sunday night. The moon—the same as referred to by young Norval, while feeding his father's pigs on the Grampian Hills—had not yet filled her horns (although we saw a number of other chaps filling theirs) when by her light we saw a maiden possessed of great beauty. But such a subject deserves to be immortalized in verse. Jimmy, grease the machine and start her:—

LOST!

Lost!—The other Sunday night,
In Nineteenth street (upper part),
Between the hours of nine and ten,
The writer or this lost his heart!
Also, at same time and place,
Oh, the happy hour I spent!
Kisses more than half a score,
Also many sighs there went

She who took these several things—
If you crave her residence
Find the note and cut my loss
In the CLIPPER she shall see,
I sincerely trust that she
Will pay heed to this request:—
If the kisses she'll return
She is welcome to the rest!

.....Sometimes owing to our inferior location in the [illegible] in it, we are raised upon the stage of society to the [illegible] and mingle with kings and queens and[illegible] and girls and rakes, and ball and [illegible] with that strange and varied throng. The supes, as a general thing, are not a highly educated class, but they manage to pick up a thing or two by listening to the stars and leading people, although the big words they treasure up are not always correctly in their proper places. Now there's Pete Jimmerson, as we used a supe as ever lived, but "he has no application," as the manager says. While strutting around among the full strength and weakness of the company attached to the —— Theatre, last Tuesday night, we [illegible] with Jamesetta. "Ah! Pete," says we, in a moderate tone, "how do you do to-night?" "Oh! fum rate," says Pete, "but I wish I was that chap"—pointing to one of the utility actors who was deep in conversation with the *soubrette*. "Why?" "Because his uncle's dead, and he's left him a thousand dollars; and I heard him say, like he didn't want anybody to know it, that his uncle's will had been put on probation, and that he had left ten thousand dollars to build a home for indignant widows!" Ah! thinks we, what a blessing it would be for mankind if other uncles would add to this fund for the indignant widows' home. .....We have just returned from a fly-by-night trip to Long Branch. What dreams of bliss the surf does serve to dissipate. She who held captive our misguided heart was there in all the pristine beauty of angelic loveliness. We saw her promenading upon the sandy shore, at Long Branch, in the afternoon, and O, the togs she wore! If angels ever visit this mundane sphere of ours, we thought that she was one, and that she came down in the showers. Where next we saw this angel was walking up the path in flannel suit and oil skin, a coming from the bath; where was that form seraphic? oh, where, pray tell us where, that gay and charming waterfall and all that golden hair? Now could that limp and dripping one be she whom we had seen before and thought an angel? How could we be so green? The angelical resemblance was really very small—that tall, and slim, and long thing, was human, after all..... That's about as good as we can do in such melting weather. "Our Jim," in his sneaking, underhanded way, intimates that its as *bad* as we can do, too! Speaking of Fly-by-Nights, those speculators who take out minstrel bands and dramatic troupes, promising them big salaries, but leaving them in the lurch when business is bad, calls to mind a poem we invented the other evening while dreaming of man's inhumanity to man, and wondering if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals couldn't extend the field of its operations and do something to put an end to this cruelty to man. Listen to

THE SONG OF THE FLY-BY-NIGHT.

Softly, carefully, now we go,
Slowly adown the back stairs creep,
The landlord is tired, and all the house,
Porter and all, is fast asleep.
O, the smile of his knibs was very sweet
When we told him to-morrow, sure, we'd pay;
The clock striking twelve, the morrow has come—
Cullies away! away, away!

Softly, carefully, hand's the props,
Nix the wreden is new the word!
Here is Hamlet's sable suit,
Here is Richard's fighting sword!
Here is the gloomy, threadbare coat
In which walking gents I play;
I'm a walking gent to-night, in fact;
Cullies away! away, away!

Out, at last, in the chilly night air,
Out of the house and out of cash—
To some other friendly hostelrie
We wend our weary way, and try and look out hash!
Softly, carefully, now we go;
I see the signs of the dawning day—
O, a merry life is the Fly-by-Night's—
Cullies away! away, away!

LOTTA is in the fourth week of her engagement at Wallack's, and "Fire Fly" by night attracts many of the admirers of the young actress. During the past week there was a slight improvement in the attendance over the previous one.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE—which was the scene of such uncalled for proceedings during the early part of last week, and was obliged to be closed on Friday and Saturday, in obedience to an injunction restraining the performance of "Foul Play" at this house—reopens to-night with Mrs. Jean Lander as the attraction.

MAC EVOY'S NEW HIBERNICON is to open at Pike's Music Hall, Pike's Opera House, on Monday evening next, Sept. 7th. The Hibernicon represents a tour in Ireland, and illustrates the scenery and song of that country. Selections from Irish poets and composers will be given by Miss Teresa McKenna, Miss Marie Dalton, Miss Juha Esmonde, Mad. Clara Lavino, etc., while Charles Mac Evoy, Irish comic vocalist, will appear as Barney the Guide.

"BARBE BLEUE" is still on the bills at Niblo's Garden. A few immaterial changes have been made in the cast since our last. Manager Wheatley's management of this establishment ceases this evening, Aug. 31, the reins of government passing into the hands of Messrs. Palmer & Jarrett.

R. M. HOOLEY, manager of Hooley's Minstrels, returned from Europe in the City of Paris, which arrived here on the 29th of August.

Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and company will appear at Wood's Theatre about the middle of September, following the engagement of Miss Maggie Mitchell.

YOUNG CHAMBERLAIN, and the old man Wilson, who were shot by Sheriff's officers on the stage of the Broadway Theatre on the night of August 24th, as noticed in another article, are now said to be out of danger; and the same may be said of the officers who were released on the 31st.

A HORSEWHIPPING AFFAIR took place on Broadway on the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 26th, which has caused considerable talk in theatricals. It appears that Dan Bryant, William Newcomb, Nelse Seymour and a number of others, were standing in front of the cigar store adjoining the New York Hotel, at four o'clock on the afternoon mentioned, when Col. Alvin Lloyd, who has come into notice of late by his connection with the "Foul Play" production, at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, was seen wending his way up Broadway. Now said Lloyd, owing to his treatment of a number of minstrel performers during his management of a troupe strolling through the country, some time ago, has gained the ill-will of many performers who put on burnt cork. An eye witness informs us that as the "Col." arrived in front of said cigar store Dan Bryant was seen to approach him, and thinking he was going to shake hands with him, the Col. extended his digits, but to his surprise Daniel asked him "what his name was," when the Col. replied:—"I haven't got any name." "Then," says Daniel, "I'll give you one!" and producing a small horsewhip he laid it over the face and head of the Col. who, for some reason or other, did not make any resistance whatever, but made off as fast as he could. The affair created considerable excitement on Broadway, although occupying but a few moments, and Daniel was made the lion of the hour, particularly among the minstrel profession.

"FOUL PLAY" was performed at the Broadway Theatre and at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre each evening during the past week. At the former place it was given under the direction of Mr. Harkins, and, with few exceptions, by the same company as when originally produced in this city at the New York. Mr. Harkins produced Boucicault's version as only given at the Holborn Theatre, London, while at the other theatre Boucicault and Reade's version was presented. Mr. Harkins appeared as Robert Penfold in the prologue, and as this version differs from the other, he does not appear again until the second act. It was just as the curtain was about rising on this act on the evening of Aug. 24th, and Mr. Harkins was to appear, that the outrage perpetrated and noticed elsewhere took place. After order had been restored, Mr. Litiell—a gentleman formerly connected with the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia—appeared for the first time in New York and finished Mr. Harkins' *role*. On Wednesday evening another interruption took place owing to an injunction having been served restraining the manager and Mr. Harkins from producing the piece. This was thought to be [illegible] not in force; the piece was played on Thursday evening, and everything passed off quietly, with Mr. Harkins in his original *role*. In this version the sinking ship scene was omitted, and altogether it is a better acting drama than the other. The attendance throughout the week was not great, the house only being about half full any evening. At the Worrell Sisters' Theatre the Boucicault and Reade version was given with almost an entirely new company. The prologue was omitted and many changes made in the sinking ship scene. The attendance at this house was no better than at the Broadway. As a matter of record we give the casts of this foul piece as presented at both theatres.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

Robert Penfold, James Seaton,	Mr. D. H. Harkins
Mr. Hazel,	Mr. J. G. Burnett
Gen. Sir Edward Rolleston,	Mr. Lanagan
Mr. John Wardlaw,	Mr. Arthur Wardlaw,
Joe Wylie,	Mr. McKee Rankin
Mr. W. H. Whalley	
Dawkins, a Detective,	Mr. Fred G. Maeder
Michael Penfold, Clerk to Wardlaw,	Mr. J. H. Jack
Helen Rolleston,	Miss Louise Sandford
Nancy Rouse,	Miss Mary Wells

WORRELL SISTERS' THEATRE.

Helen Rolleston,	Mr. Harry Watkins
Rev. Robert Penfold,	Mr. E. Mortimer
Captain Hudson,	Mr. Wm. Harris
Joe Wylie,	Mr. J. B. Studley
Dawkins,	Mr. E. F. Tilton
Gen. Sir Edward Rolleston,	Mr. F. Chipendale
Mr. John Wardlaw,	Mr. H. C. Rynar
Mr. Arthur Wardlaw,	Mr. Claude Hamilton
Carbuncle,	Mr. G. Lingard
Neptune,	
Michael Penfold,	Mr. Welsh Edwards
Christopher Adams,	Mr. Chas. Foster
Nancy Rouse,	Miss Hattie Hamilton
Sarah Wilson,	Miss Emilie Melville

JAMES TAYLOR, the London vocalist, made his *debut* in this country at Dodworth Hall, on Aug. 26th, supported by Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brennan, Mad. Stuttaford and Thos. Kilner, pianist. Mr. Taylor appeared as Yorkshire Sam, a specimen of a jolly old English farmer; followed by Dismal Doleful, a broken hearted lover; Sarah Walker, an eccentric old maiden; imitation of a crying child and the old nurse; the schoolmaster and his pupil; the humorist of a London party with laughable examination of witnesses—Paddy bothering the Judge—and Mr. Jones, with a cold in 'is 'ead, concluding with an impersonation of Simple Simon, a foolish boy. In all of these impersonations Mr. Taylor convulsed the audience with laughter. He is, probably, the best comic vocalist that has ever visited this country from England. In the first place he knows *how* to sing; then he seems determined to rely upon songs, the words of which shall convey some kind of sense, and the music shall possess some distinctive character. In his performances there is great originality; he is amazingly brisk and active in his movements, and he enters thoroughly into the spirit of the songs he sings. Being a practical singer, he knows exactly what his audience require, and he gives it to them. In female habiliments he appears to greater advantage than any other vocalist that has yet appeared in this city, and his Sarah Walker is a wonderful performance, both in make-up and characterization, proving that comic singing may be full of character and yet free from hideous vulgarity. In his facial expression he excels. It is thought, all other male vocalists ever seen here. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan are very pleasing in their serio comic songs, burlesque operatic entertainments and comic duol-gues. Mrs. Brennan is one of the liveliest vocalists we have met with for some time, possessing a fund of humor and a style that at once makes her a favorite. She is also a clever actress. She sang "My Pretty Maid" and "Shan't I be glad when Sammy comes Home," receiving considerable applause. Mr. Brennan possesses an excellent baritone voice, which he uses with considerable skill. Mrs. Stuttaford did not make a favorable impression and an apology was made for her to the effect that her wardrobe and music had been left in her trunk in Toronto, placing the pianist as well as herself in rather an awkward position. Her selection of songs did not appear to please, and she was not in good voice. Had Mr. Taylor opened here under more favorable auspices, he would have met with greater success than he did meet with. In the first place, he was poorly advertised and carelessly placed before the public; secondly, his agent does not appear to have attended to his business properly; and thirdly, after having engaged Dodworth Hall for nine nights, he was told by the janitor of the hall that he could not have it for the third night as it had been secured by another party, notwithstanding he had a written contract for nine nights. So, sooner than have trouble about the hall, or close up for one night and then reopen, he concluded to stop with his second performance after Aug. 27th and go to Brooklyn. As soon as a convenient place can be procured he will reopen in this city, but before doing so he should be properly placed before the public, for he is a great artist and there is considerable money in him.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS open their season at their hall, 585 Broadway, this evening, with the usual first part and olio, and the first production of an *opera bouffe* written expressly for them, entitled "Barber Brown, or the Pacific Sloper." which has been some time in preparation, and will be carefully produced with entirely new scenery, costumes and "props." The scenery has been painted by Marston, of "Black Crook" notoriety. Having already seen it we can say that it is not only magnificent but equal if not superior to any ever before seen in a minstrel hall. Billy Birch and Charles Backus will continue to indulge in sallies of wit and humor on the ends, while Bernard will see that the middle business is as carefully attended to as it always has been by him. Wambold's ballads have always been a great feature at this house, and he will also make a feature of Dutch business this season. M. Ainsley Scott, one of the best bassos in the business, has been retained, also other old favorites, as well as several new faces. "The orgies commence at 8, and the dissipation ceases at 10."

THE TWO HUNDREDTH performance of "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic Theatre, takes place on Tuesday next Sept. 1st, on which occasion some changes will take place in the [illegible] of the pantomime. Louis Zaafretta, who has been engaged, makes his *debut* this evening. Mary Blake has made her *re-entre* in the *ballet* and Miss De Vere has withdrawn. Charles and Carrie Austin continue to appear in their musket drill which has proved an attractive card. They certainly handle the musket more dexterously than any other performers who have made this act a feature. Great business is being done by "Humpty."

MORE FOUL PLAY.—What the dailies call "a high-handed outrage" took place at the Broadway Theatre on the evening of Aug 24th. It appears that a man named Lloyd, who has leased the Worrell Sisters' Theatre for the purpose of producing "Foul Play," applied to Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, for an injunction res raining D. H. Harkins from producing the same piece at the Broadway Theatre, also an order of arrest for Harkins. This was placed in the hands of Sheriff O'Brien, who sent a party of deputy sheriffs, consisting of George Hickey, James Moore, James Ward, Thomas Quinn and Dennis Leary, the latter a court officer and well known as the stroke oarsman of the old champion four-oared crew. It is alleged by parties who saw the melee that these officers made their appearance at the back door of the theatre, accompanied by some one of the Lloyd party to identify Harkins. The play had proceeded through the prologue and first act, and the curtain was down, when these deputy sheriffs knocked at the stage door for admittance, and it was immediately opened by Stephen Wallace, an old man, seventy years of age. On inquiring their business, they simply stated, "we want to see Mr Harkins;" and as strangers are not allowed to enter at the back door, and as the door-keeper did not know who or what they were, he closed the door, which was instantly forced open and the old man knocked down. One of the dailies says:—"The six men quickly ascended the little steps and on to the back of the stage, where they hastily glanced around for the object of their search. He was nowhere to be seen. Down to the green-room—down where the ladies were dressing for the piece—the men madly rushed, like pillagers sacking a city. Rushing where even barbarians would have had the decency to withdraw, the 'men' hunted for their prey, no doubt intending to have him, dead or alive. But the bird had flown. The excitement was immense. Up from the private rooms below the hunters sprang like tigers. Around and around they went. The confusion increased. The audience were excited. But it could not last. Mr. Jacks, one of the performers, ventured to suggest that Mr. Harkins was gone, and six revolvers were leveled at his breast because he took up a rusty musket to frighten them and laid it down. Harkins must be had or blood will be spilled. Harkins was gone. He had slipped out unseen under the stage to the orchestra, through the theatre to the street. Harkins was away. At length the announcement came that the intruders were sheriff's officers. 'Stand back, or we'll blow your brains out!' And not satisfied with trampling through the private apartments, prancing around the stage, these officers, masters of the field, for they were armed to the teeth, were about to rush to the front, when actors, actresses, carpenters, property men and a host of others gathered together in consternation. Fear and trembling now stood on every face. But the officers must pass and do their duty. 'Fire!' And the sharp cracks of a dozen pistol shots rang through the place. The crowd fell back, and an old man, aged and infirm, the old nightman, Stephen Wilson, or a little property boy fell together, the former wounded in the head, and the latter, it is thought fatally, in the abdomen. The bullet from Ward's pistol entered the right arm of the lad, and, passing through, penetrated the right breast, and is supposed to have lodged in the lungs. Considerable internal hemorrhage resulted and the attending surgeon gave no hopes of his recovery. The succeeding scene was terrible. Captain Mills and some twenty men speedily arrived, and five men (one escaped) were marched to the station house, where they were safely lodged. Those having revolvers were Hickey, Ward and Quinn. From Hickey's two shots were fired, from Ward's three, while Quinn's was full of charges. Captain Mills and a force remained at the theatre for some time after the occurrence. There was, however, no need for their services. The arrest had been anticipated, and the manager had judiciously reserved one of the company to fill the part. Mr. Little accordingly took the *role* that the absent Harkins had been performing when he retreated, and the play went on smoothly to the end, the audience little knowing what had taken place. Stephen Wilson and the boy, Leslie Chamberlain, suffering from their wounds, were quickly conveyed to the New York Hospital." The first knowledge the audience had of the disturbance was the reports of the pistols, accompanied by other startling noises. For an instant something like a panic was threatened. Men jumped up from their seats and rushed to the lobby, while those in the boxes vociferated and gesticulated. Presently Mr. J. H. Jack came forward and stated that Mr. Harkins had been arrested, and craved the indulgence of the audience, after which the play went on. The following morning those engaged in the shooting were brought before Justice Shandley at the Jefferson Market Police Court, and committed to await the result of the injuries inflicted upon Chamberlain. Officer Fogarty's affidavit is as follows:—"That on the 24th of August he was called into the Broadway Theatre about half-past nine o'clock in the evening by Stephen Wilson, who informed deponent that he had been shot in the theatre department; went into the theatre and there found George Hickey, James Moore, Dennis Leary, James Ward and Thomas Quinn, now present; Wilson pointed out Hickey as the person who had shot him with a pistol; deponent arrested said persons and searched them; he found on Hickey a revolver pistol having two chambers empty; on Ward he found a revolver pistol, three chambers empty; at the Eighth precinct station house Quinn was searched and a revolver pistol found on his person; the said persons were pointed out to defendant as having made a forcible entry into the rear of the theatre, and with having feloniously assaulted several of the *attaches* of the theatre." On Aug. 26th James Ward and Thomas Quinn were admitted to bail in $5,000 each. It was thought that after this sad occurrence no further trouble would take place at the Broadway, but on the 26th the Lloyd party received an injunction from Judge Barnard against D. H. Harkins and the Eighth precinct station house Quinn was searched then were producing "Foul Play." This paper was given to a book-keeper of Lloyd's, it is alleged, who took a seat in the orchestra long before the curtain rose, and if he had so desired he could have served the paper before the play commenced. When the third act had nearly ended, this individual jumped upon the stage during the scene between Mr. Harkins and Louisa Hawthorne, and advancing towards Harkins, attempted to thrust a paper into his hand. This caused quite an excitement, and several rushed out of the house, while others made for the stage. Many shouted "don't take it!" and "kick him out!" Mr. Harkins took the paper, when the individual leaped from the stage and made his way hurriedly out of the theatre, amid the hisses and howls of the audience. The play proceeded and the curtain dropped on the act, when such shouting and applauding as followed has seldom been heard in any theatre. William Moore, the business manager, came forward and stated that "Mr. Barney Williams was the proprietor of the theatre and that he endorsed every act of the *attaches* of his establishment and would stand by them to the last. You have all witnessed the act of an individual who but just now made his way upon this stage from the front, not daring to again enter by the passage where but a few nights ago blood was shed—and hoping to have no further difficulty this evening, I must beg of you to remain quietly seated while we proceed with the rest of the play." Mr. Moore was loudly cheered upon concluding, but the cries for "Harkins" still continued. Mr. Harkins came forward and in a few brief remarks thanked those present for their kindness, and finished by saying that he had never yet done any deed that he was ashamed to acknowledge, and that his heart stood as a shield between him and his honor. After the loud huzzas and applause had again given place to silence, the play was proceeded with, the entire audience remaining until the judge barnard, in the Supreme Court, on a hearing of a writ of *habeas corpus*. The judge finally decided not to admit the prisoners to bail until a certificate can be procured to show that the parties shot are out of danger. The prisoners were then removed in custody. The performance of "Foul Play" took place at the Broadway on the evening of the 27th, and everything passed off quietly. There was no performance on Friday or Saturday evenings, in consequence of Judge Barnard refusing to remove the injunction.

JENNIE DEMALL, a popular Boston actress, has lately returned from a summer tour, and has been secured by John Brougham for his theatre.

ANNIE HINDLE was to leave England for America on Aug. 19th.

ARRIVED HOME.—Prof. R. Risley, Harry Jarrett, John and Felix Vincent and Mollie Williams arrived from London on Aug. 24th.

WILLIAM HANLON, who is at present in this city, will remain here all next week on business.

L. M. STEERS and J. M. Wickwire, of Lent's New York Circus, are at present in Cuba.

WILLIAM ROLLANDS, the Belmont Brothers, J. G. Adams and Robert Johnson, will be in this city on or about Sept. 1st, having just left Maginley and Carroll's circus.

LEOTARD'S proposed visit to this country bids fair to be deferred, as his agent in this country cannot find any manager foolish enough to give him the terms demanded, which are $400 a night for his own individual performance, lasting but twenty minutes, besides paying for all other attraction necessary to make up an evening's entertainment. Managers wish to make a trifle for themselves now-a-days, instead of giving everything to stars.

THE DIORAMA representing Lincoln's funeral ceremonies from Washington to the cemetery in Springfield, Ill., taking in the points of interest in Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Jersey City, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago and Springfield, unrolls at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, Sept. 2d, instead of this evening, as intended, the mechanical effects not yet being in good working trim.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS had a succession of good houses the past week, the attendance being quite large each evening. Dan Bryant's impersonation of Captain Jinks is kept on the bills; also the farce of "The Live Injin." Hogan and Hughes, two clever clog dancers and double song and dance men, do this week, for the first time at this hall, their act known as "We are the Happiest Couple Out."

ALL IMPROVED Kelly and Leon open their minstrel season in this city at their hall of Ethiopia, this evening, with the production of Leon's last burlesque of "Barber Blu," which has been produced in Brooklyn, the past week, by them, to the largest business ever before done by a minstrel band, the Park Theatre being found too small to accommodate the crowds that sought admission, so great was the success of the burlesque. They open their season with new scenery, new costumes, etc., and in one of the neatest and best arranged halls to be found in this country devoted to minstrelsy. They have secured a very large company, there being sixty people engaged in the burlesque.

"ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH."—The hearts of William and Ettie Henderson were made glad on August 25th by the birth of a bouncing boy. The event took place at their residence at Long Branch.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND METROPOLITAN THEATRE opens this afternoon for the first time. An inaugural address will be given by Mr. Dunn, after which the English Opera Bouffe Troupe will appear in Offenbach's comic operas of "Marriage by Lanterns," and "Sixty-Six," with Miss Susan, Miss Blanche and Mrs. Susan Galton and Thomas Whiffin, in the cast. In the evening the play of "Lorle" will be given, with Maggie Mitchell and J. W. Collier in the principal *roles*, supported by George Jones, Mr. Brennan possesses an excellent baritone voice, which he uses with considerable skill. Mrs. Stuttaford did not make a favorable impression and an apology was made for her to the effect that her wardrobe and music had been left in her trunk in Toronto, placing the pianist as well as herself in rather an awkward position. Her selection of songs did not appear to please, and she was not in good voice. Had Mr. Taylor opened here under more favorable auspices, he would have met with greater success than he did meet with. In the first place, he was poorly advertised and carelessly placed before the public; secondly, his agent does not appear to have attended to his business properly; and thirdly, after having engaged Dodworth Hall for nine nights, he was told by the janitor of the hall that he could not have it for the third night as it had been secured by another party, notwithstanding he had a written contract for nine nights. So, sooner than have trouble about the hall, or close up for one night and then reopen, he concluded to stop with his second performance after Aug. 27th and go to Brooklyn. As soon as a convenient place can be procured he will reopen in this city, but before doing so he should be properly placed before the public, for he is a great artist and there is considerable money in him.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS open their season at their hall, 585 Broadway, this evening, with the usual first part and olio, and the first production of an *opera bouffe* written expressly for them, entitled "Barber Brown, or the Pacific Sloper." which has been some time in preparation, and will be carefully produced with entirely new scenery, costumes and "props." The scenery has been painted by Marston, of "Black Crook" notoriety. Having already seen it we can say that it is not only magnificent but equal if not superior to any ever before seen in a minstrel hall. Billy Birch and Charles Backus will continue to indulge in sallies of wit and humor on the ends, while Bernard will see that the middle business is as carefully attended to as it always has been by him. Wambold's ballads have always been a great feature at this house, and he will also make a feature of Dutch business this season. M. Ainsley Scott, one of the best bassos in the business, has been retained, also other old favorites, as well as several new faces. "The orgies commence at 8, and the dissipation ceases at 10."

THE TWO HUNDREDTH performance of "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic Theatre, takes place on Tuesday next Sept 1st, on which occasion some changes will take place in the [illegible] of the pantomime. Louis Zaafretta, who has been engaged, makes his *debut* this evening. Mary Blake has made her *re-entre* in the *ballet* and Miss De Vere has withdrawn. Charles and Carrie Austin continue to appear in their musket drill which has proved an attractive card. They certainly handle the musket more dexterously than any other performers who have made this act a feature. Great business is being done by "Humpty."

MORE FOUL PLAY.—What the dailies call "a high-handed outrage" took place at the Broadway Theatre on the evening of Aug 24th. It appears that a man named Lloyd, who has leased the Worrell Sisters' Theatre for the purpose of producing "Foul Play," applied to Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, for an injunction res raining D. H. Harkins from producing the same piece at the Broadway Theatre, also an order of arrest for Harkins. This was placed in the hands of Sheriff O'Brien, who sent a party of deputy sheriffs, consisting of George Hickey, James Moore, James Ward, Thomas Quinn and Dennis Leary, the latter a court officer and well known as the stroke oarsman of the old champion four-oared crew. It is alleged by parties who saw the melee that these officers made their appearance at the back door of the theatre, accompanied by some one of the Lloyd party to identify Harkins. The play had proceeded through the prologue and first act, and the curtain was down, when these deputy sheriffs knocked at the stage door for admittance, and it was immediately opened by Stephen Wallace, an old man, seventy years of age. On inquiring their business, they simply stated, "we want to see Mr Harkins;" and as strangers are not allowed to enter at the back door, and as the door-keeper did not know who or what they were, he closed the door, which was instantly forced open and the old man knocked down. One of the dailies says:—"The six men quickly ascended the little steps and on to the back of the stage, where they hastily glanced around for the object of their search. He was nowhere to be seen. Down to the green-room—down where the ladies were dressing for the piece—the men madly rushed, like pillagers sacking a city. Rushing where even barbarians would have had the decency to withdraw, the 'men' hunted for their prey, no doubt intending to have him, dead or alive. But the bird had flown. The excitement was immense. Up from the private rooms below the hunters sprang like tigers. Around and around they went. The confusion increased. The audience were excited. But it could not last. Mr. Jacks, one of the performers, ventured to suggest that Mr. Harkins was gone, and six revolvers were leveled at his breast because he took up a rusty musket to frighten them and laid it down. Harkins must be had or blood will be spilled. Harkins was gone. He had slipped out unseen under the stage to the orchestra, through the theatre to the street. Harkins was away. At length the announcement came that the intruders were sheriff's officers. 'Stand back, or we'll blow your brains out!' And not satisfied with trampling through the private apartments, prancing around the stage, these officers, masters of the field, for they were armed to the teeth, were about to rush to the front, when actors, actresses, carpenters, property men and a host of others gathered together in consternation. Fear and trembling now stood on every face. But the officers must pass and do their duty. 'Fire!' And the sharp cracks of a dozen pistol shots rang through the place. The crowd fell back, and an old man, aged and infirm, the old nightman, Stephen Wilson, or a little property boy fell together, the former wounded in the head, and the latter, it is thought fatally, in the abdomen. The bullet from Ward's pistol entered the right arm of the lad, and, passing through, penetrated the right breast, and is supposed to have lodged in the lungs. Considerable internal hemorrhage resulted and the attending surgeon gave no hopes of his recovery. The succeeding scene was terrible. Captain Mills and some twenty men speedily arrived, and five men (one escaped) were marched to the station house, where they were safely lodged. Those having revolvers were Hickey, Ward and Quinn. From Hickey's two shots were fired, from Ward's three, while Quinn's was full of charges. Captain Mills and a force remained at the theatre for some time after the occurrence. There was, however, no need for their services. The arrest had been anticipated, and the manager had judiciously reserved one of the company to fill the part. Mr. Litiell accordingly took the *role* that the absent Harkins had been performing when he retreated, and the play went on smoothly to the end, the audience little knowing what had taken place. St

Sept. 24-26; Davenport, Scott County, Sept. 7-11; Tama, Tama County, Sept. 30, Oct. 2; Ottumwa, Wapello County, Oct. 13-16.

Minnesota.—Red Wing, Goodhue County, Oct. 14-16; ——, Goodhue Township, Oct. 1; Northfield, Northfield County, Sept. 18-19.

Kansas.——, Anderson County, Oct. 14-16.

Nebraska.—Brownsville, Nehama County, Sept. 22-25.

Missouri.—Mexico, Audrain County, Oct. 12-16; Fulton, Callaway County, Sept. 22-26; ——, Carrol County, Sept. 30, Oct. 2; Pleasanthill, Cass County, Sept. 22-25; ——, Clinton County, Sept. 8-10; Liberty, Clay County, Oct. 8-9; Albany, Gentry County, Oct. 14-16; De Soto, Jefferson County, Sept. 22-25; ——, Knox, Shelby and Lewis counties, Sept. 14-16; Lexington, Lafayette County, Oct. 20-25; Linn, Linn County, Sept. 30, Oct. 3; Canton, Lewis County, Sept. 28, Oct. 2; ——, Montgomery County, Sept. 29, Oct. 2; Paris, Northeast Mo., Sept. 7-12; Platte City, Platte County, Sept. 29, Oct. 2; Huntsville, Randolph County, Sept. 15-17; Roanoke, Roanoke Cent. Dis., Sept. 21; St. Louis, St. Louis County, Oct. —; Sturgeon, Sturgeon Dis., Sept. 1-3; Newark, Union County, Sept. 14-19; Potosi, Washington County, Sept. 29-Oct. 2.

Kentucky.—Paris, Bourbon County, Sept. 1-4; Danville, Boyle County, Sept. 8-11; See Mason, Bracken County, Sept. 8; Lexington, Fayette County, Sept. 29-Oct. 1; Harrison County, Sept. 8-11; Henderson, Henderson County, Oct. 6-10; Germantown, Mason and Bracken Counties, Sept. 8; Salvisa, Salvisa County, Sept. 1-4; Georgetown, Scott County, Sept. 15-18; Springfield, Washington County, Sept. 29-Oct. 2.

Tennessee.—Pulaski, Giles County, Oct. 5; Columbia, Maury County, Sept. 29; Clarksville, Montgomery County, Oct. 5; Springfield, Robertson County, Oct. 13-17; Warrell County, Oct. 1-3.

National and State Fairs.—New Haven, Ct., New England, Sept. 1-5; Louisville, Kentucky, Sept. 8-12; Burlington, Vermont, Sept. 8-11; Detroit, Michigan, Sept. 15-18; Manchester, New Hampshire, Sept. 15-18; Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 21-25; Quincy, Illinois, Sept. 21-26; Clinton, Iowa, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Indianapolis, Indiana, Sept. 29; Des Moines, Iowa Central, Sept. 23-24; Trenton, N. J. Central, Sept. 22-24; Oregon, begins Sept. 28; Madison, Wisconsin, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Minneapolis, Minnesota, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Rochester, New York, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Portland, Maine, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Warren, New Jersey, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Leavenworth, Kansas, Sept. 29-Oct. 2; Montreal, Quebec, Sept. 14-19; Denver City, Colorado, Sept. 29-Oct. 3; Border Fair, Danville, N. C., Virginia and North Carolina, Oct. 20; Hamilton, Ontario, Sept. 21-25; Providence, R. I. National Horse Show, Oct. 6-9.

Horticultural Exhibitions.—Worcester, Worcester County, Mass., Sept. 15-18; Cincinnati, American Wine Growers, Sept. 22; Cincinnati, Cincinnati Horticultural Society, Sept. 16-18; Hammondsport, Pleasant Valley Grape, Sept. 23-26; Boston, Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Sept. 22-25; Canandaigua, New York Grape Growers, Oct. 7-8; Painesville, Ohio, Lake Shore Grape Growers, Oct. —; Pittsburgh, Knox's Grape Show, Oct. —.

THE CITY BILL POSTERS of Pittsburgh, Pa., Messrs. Bryan & Co., are experts, we are informed, in disseminating information referring to shows, spectacles, etc., in that city; besides which they are the proprietors of a great number of bill boards. Managers should not forget this. See advertisement.

MUSIC HALL, Hartford, Ct., having a seating capacity of 1,200 and well located, has recently undergone a process of redecoration, and is stated to be a popular and eligible edifice for all sorts of entertainments. A more detailed statement of its qualities is given in our advertising columns.

MAMMOTH HALL, Tremont, O., has undergone a process of improvement and redecoration, and may now be rented at moderate rates. Managers traveling that way should refer to George Cooper's advertisement in another column.

"OLD HICKORY," bill poster, of Portland, Me., seems to be a wholesale proprietor of bill boards and other conveniences connected therewith in that city. He makes a similar announcement to that effect by advertisement elsewhere.

THE NUTTING FAMILY, so called, composed of Prof. John Nutting, his two daughters, aged nine and eleven, and Mr. Chamberlain, gave a concert in the Opera House, St. Paul, Minn., last week. The Professor has a very high, clear and pure tenor, and his little girls possess extraordinary voices for children. Dr. Chamberlain possesses a baritone voice sufficiently bass for the rest of the company, and an unusual degree of energy and dramatic ability. The company visit the interior of the State.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS, and so have musicians, it seems, for on the 18th ultimo Mr. Geo. S. Norris, leader of the brass band and orchestra of Wren's Combination Troupe, formed a matrimonial alliance with the then Miss Mattie Wren, at Penn Yan, N. Y. Of course the event was made the occasion of a merry time.

HOWE AND GREGORY'S COMBINATION appeared in the skating rink, Montreal, the past week. The Gregory Family, late with the Hanlon Combination, are the principal features.

MUSIC HALL, London, C. W., of which Geo. Holman is lessee, and which is well located, and surrounded by a dense and amusement patronising population, may now be rented, as stated in a card in our advertising columns.

WILSON HALL, Owego, N. Y., has been rebuilt, and was to be ready for occupation on the 1st inst. Parties wishing to secure it should address James Wilson, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

W. H. FARNAM & Co., successors of the late Albert Wilson in the manufacture of banjos, publish a card in another column.

JOHN GREENWOOD, formerly of Barnum's Museum, had his right arm amputated on August 25th, at Bethel, Conn., in consequence of his hand having been poisoned by a bruise.

SALLIE WESTERN, serio-comic vocalist, can be engaged as per advertisement elsewhere.

THE FOUR YAMA JAPS will be in Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 24, and remain four nights.

GEO. W. POWELL, an English orator, was to have delivered a lecture on "The Heart and its Influences," in the eniarged and elegant Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on August 31st.

JOHN BOGAN, who is a teacher of the banjo, jig dancing, &c., publishes his address in our advertising columns.

MR. R. GRANT BARNWELL, known as a delineator and business manager, is prepared to enter into an engagement for the coming season. His card appears in another column.

AN AGENT, with a capital of $200, is advertised for by Wetmore & Co., in another column.

THE TOM THUMB PARTY appear in Lowell, Mass., on Sept. 24. SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS commenced their third annual tour at Hingham, Mass., on August 27th. The company go west this season.

THE QUEEN CITY RINK, Cincinnati, reopened for parlor skating on Saturday evening, August 29th. It will hereafter be regularly opened each Saturday.

LOGRENIA is at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., all this week.

LIVING CURIOSITIES of an attractive sort, formerly of Barnum's Museum, may be engaged for an exhibition tour by addressing Fred Hughes as per advertisement.

ALF. BURNETT humorizes in Evansville, Ind., on the 16th and 17th inst., before the Young Men's Library Association.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Very little worthy of remark has taken place in the London show world since our last. The exodus from town has commenced in earnest, and, as it lasts until late in September, there is little use in catering for the remaining few patrons. The Princess's Theatre will remain closed until August 12th. It is adapted from a French piece by D'Ennery and Grange, said to be "Les Oiseaux de Proie." But it is not the only piece that the great Dion has depended upon for his ideas, for on reading the plot we find that he has borrowed the Railroad Scene from Augustin Daly's "Under the Gaslight," and the Concert Saloon Scene from Brougham's "Lottery of Life." The following is a plot of the piece. It opens in the Victoria Station. A reward has been offered for the discovery of one George Medhurst. Two people know where the man then sought is hiding, and are ready to profit by the circumstances that place him in their power. These men who are in alliance are Dicey Morris, a Jew, the keeper of a low music hall, and Chandos Bellingham. The former is a contemptible rogue, the latter, whose real name is Richard Knatchbull, is a desperate ruffian, who, after being transported, has broken away from his confinement and obtained a dreadful reputation as a bushranger. His manners, however, are such as distinguish him from the herd of his criminal associates. In early life George Medhurst had married a girl of no known parentage, and had ended a career of unbridled extravagance by forging the name of his father. The bill thus forged is now the property of Dicey Morris, who means to take as its price half the Medhurst property. George, at this moment, is driver of a night cab, living with his wife, Eliza, over some mews. He is found by Bellingham and Morris, who inform him that he has inherited his father's baronetcy, and conditionally, upon his marrying Rose Egerton, the estates also. In the way of entering upon the estates is a serious obstacle in the shape of his former wife. Eliza, however, is very affectionate and self-denying. She is by no means deaf to reason, and, finding it is for her husband's good she should commit suicide, makes the attempt. She is rescued from the water by Old Tom, a drunken reprobate, whom grief at the loss of his wife, seduced by Knatchbull and then deserted, has reduced from his former position of an officer to carrying an advertising board. While tending the rescued girl he discovers she is his own daughter. Sensible, however, that he cannot keep her with him now, he hides the knowledge of relationship he possesses, and obtains for Eliza a situation as lady's maid with Rose Egerton. Rose soon perceives her companion is a lady, and absolutely refuses to allow her to perform any menial work. One day in a wild freak she dresses her in her own clothes, and places upon her the wreath and jewels prepared for her forthcoming wedding with Sir George. While thus attired, Eliza is startled by the entry of Sir George, who takes her for his affianced bride. Instead, however, of hearing the protestations of love for which, weary and heart sick, she waits, she is delighted to listen to the avowal that Sir George has that his heart is in the grave with the woman who has died for him. After this strong, ingenious and dramatic scene, an explanation is arrived at, and Rose, who is in love with an officer, one Gordon Chumley, is not reluctant to break off the contract as yet unfulfilled. There remains only to mar the happiness of the lovers the forged bill. Chumley, who has recognized Bellingham as Knatchbull, asks to be entrusted with the negotiation. He succeeds, and, after a keen struggle of wits, overpowers the rascal, who, obliged to own his identity, is forced to accept a sum much less than was first proposed. Bellingham's tricks, however, are not over. He inveigles Chumley, under the pretense of giving him the forged bill, into the music hall of Dicey Morris. In this scene, wherein Chumley is drugged, an imitation of the ordinary proceeding at music halls is introduced. Two men play on the fiddle in abnormal postures and under all sorts of disadvantages. Then follows an extravagantly dressed man, a real singer at a music hall as is stated, who gives some stanzas of a song so feeble and pitiable that it can scarcely fail to rise into popularity. This scene is the worst in the play, and ought at once to be excised. It was loudly hissed by a tolerant and even friendly audience. Old Tom, whose drunkenness is shammed, tries to interfere, but is hurriedly thrust into a cellar. While there confined he views a diabolical attempt at murder he is fortunately in time to frustrate. The cellars under the music hall communicate with the underground railway. Chumley, still insensible, is laid across the line by Bellingham and Morris, who retire and leave him to his fate. Frantically, for the danger is imminent, Old Tom tears down the wall, and succeeds in rescuing Chumley the instant before a train rushes over the spot on which he had been placed. Both criminals are arrested, Dicey Morris confesses, and Bellingham seems in a fair way to be rewarded according to his deserts. The play was enthusiastically received, almost every scene being the subject of a special demonstration. Over and over again was the scene-painter summoned, and at the close of every act the curtain had to be raised. The railroad and concert saloon scenes are pronounced exceedingly exciting, the former being a wonder of stage mechanism. ..... Drury Lane Theatre will open on the 26th of September with a dramatic version, by Mr. Andrew Halliday, of "The Fortunes of Nigel." Mr. Phelps will play two parts, King James and Trapbois, the usurer. For the remaining characters many new engagements, including those of Mr. Addison, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Irving and Mr. Ryder have been made. ..... The Lyceum Theatre reopens, under E. T. Smith's management, the first week in September, with Mr. Fairclough, an American tragedian, after which Mr. Sims Reeves will appear in opera; then Lord Lytton's play will be produced. ..... "The Dead Reckoning" was produced at the Britannia on August 10th. ..... The Haymarket remained open with Mr. Pennington, who appeared on August 10th and 12th in "Othello," and on the 11th and 13th in "Cymbeline." The theatre closed for repairs on August 15th and will reopen in October for the regular season ..... "Flying Scud" continued to hold the boards at the Adelphi ..... "A Lancashire Lass" increases in favor at the New Queen's Theatre ..... The Strand continues to flourish with the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," in which Mary Lonzque has taken Lydia Thompson's role ..... The St. James was to reopen on August 15th, under the management of Walter St. John ..... Astley's Theatre continued the tragic play of "Alarcos" ..... At the Victoria, Marchant's drama of "The Idle Apprentice; or, the Orphan of the Thames" has been produced, and has been followed by "The Burgomaster's Daughter" and "The Police Spy." ..... "Poor Humanity," "The Great City," and a ballet have constituted the attractions at the Grecian ..... At the New East London, "Gabriella Mystery," "Ruy Blas" and "The King's Fool" have been performed.

M. APOLLONI's "Ebreo" (not to be confounded with M. Halevy's "Ebrea") is in rehearsal at Venice.

GOUNOD's "FAUST," in a Polish version, has just been brought out at Warsaw. It is probable that no opera has, within the same period, been translated into so many tongues as "Faust."

G. W. BLAKE, stage manager of the Greenwich Theatre, London, died in Jersey, Eng., on August 30, of consumption.

M. DE BONNAIRE, a celebrated trapezist or Ba-ta-clan, has been killed by a fall in the Madrid Theatre. Bonnaire had a fortune of £8,000 a year, and followed his dangerous occupation from mere love of the art. His mother often entreated him to discontinue the practice, but he always replied with a smile, "What matter whether one dies in this way or another?" He was only 28 years of age.

KATE BATEMAN was to commence another provincial tour at Bristol, Eng., on Aug. 26th, in "Leah." She opens in London at the Haymarket on Oct. 19th.

PATTI made her first appearance since her marriage on Aug. 15 at Homburg as Lucie. She appeared as the "Marquis de Cinq."

PEDESTRIANISM.

FIFTY MILES AGAINST TIME.

The announcement that J. F. McEttrick, of Boston, Mass.—who, it will be recollected, walked against Scott some time since—would then commence his undertaking of walking fifty miles in eleven hours, sufficed to attract a vast number of Hubites, of both sexes, to the Parker Street Mill Dam on the evening of Wednesday, August 26th. The conditions were that he should walk from Day's rope factory to the Regatta House, Beacon street, distance of a mile, and traverse the same course until he had completed the stipulated fifty miles; he to weigh 135lbs., and to be allowed no food while on the route. In case he succeeded he was to receive one hundred dollars, with fifty more added providing he completed his twenty-fifth mile inside of 10 minutes, 15 seconds. At twenty-five minutes before eight o'clock he started, accompanied by his trainer, C. L. Manning, and appears to have accomplished his task this time without resorting to chicanery. Repeatedly the crowd surged upon him, causing frequent delays of several minutes duration, and McEttrick was compelled several times to stop and entreat the multitude to allow him a fair opportunity of performing his task. He performed his 50 miles with one minute to spare, completing his last half mile in 3'52, amidst great excitement. The twenty-fifth mile was performed in 9:18 according to wager. The following is a summary as given by the scorer's time table time being taken every two miles:—

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1 and 2	21:38	27 and 28 (bath)	41:28
3 and 4	22:32	29 and 30	34:19
5 and 6	22:13	31 and 32	34:26
7 and 8	22:57	33 and 34	34:32
9 and 10	22:57	35 and 36	35:16
11 and 12	23:39	37 and 38	37:33
13 and 14	23:28	39 and 40	21:56
15 and 16	27:13	41 and 42	30:36
17 and 18 (bath)	46:33	43 and 44	30:38
19 and 20	34:32	45 and 46	30:36
21 and 22	34:32	47 and 48	32:37
23 and 24	34:34	49 and 50	33:33
25 and 26	35:38		

HALF MILE RACE FOR £100.—On Monday, August 17th, T. Hewitt, of Sheffield, and Ridley, of Gateshead, met at Hyde Park, near the hardware village, to decide their half mile match for £50 a side. The articles stated that they were to run on the Manchester handicap terms, viz., Hewitt with 12 yards' start and Ridley with 25 yards, the men toeing their marks. 5 to 4 was laid on Hewitt. As soon as the men got on their marks they were despatched by report of pistol. Hewitt remained in the rear of his opponent about the distance conceded in his start whilst doing the first lap, but in the second he gained gradually, and on arriving at the tent, 160 yards from home, on the flat, shot out, and won by three yards, easily, in 1 min. 54 seconds.

BETHEL DEFEATS ROTHSCHILD.—A one mile race, stated to be for $500 a side, took place at the Abbey Race Course, St. Louis, on the 23d ult., between Frank Bethel and John W. Rothschild, the former winning in 5:20½ to the 5:34¾ of his competitor.

WHO WANTS TO RUN?—A correspondent signing himself "S." writes from Eagle Hill, Owen Co., Ky., asking if any sporting man will run a foot race with the champion of Kentucky, distance 300 yards, for $500. He may be replied to as above, or through the CLIPPER.

JOHN SHEPPARD was in Indianapolis, Ind., at last advices, and we understand is shortly to attempt the task of walking one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, either at that place or some town in the State of Illinois. He has been ill for some time, but is now fully recovered.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK vs. NONANTUM.

The former club, after their two defeats by the Boston club, went to Newton Corner on the 28th ult., where they again got what Paddy gave the drum, as will be seen by the appended record:—

First Innings.	Nonantum.	Second Innings.
G. Linder c Higham b Lee	3	b Byron	6
T. Linder b Lee	1	l b w b Byron	2
Stearns b Rogerson	2	c Tyler b Rogerson	2
Leslie l b w b Lee	0	b Rogerson	3
Hammond c Rogerson b Lee	61	b Robinson b Rogerson	13
Bixby c Kerr, b Rogerson	23	b Rogerson	9
Smallwood b Lee	2	b Rogerson	1
Mixer b Rogerson	0	st Higham b Byron	1
W. Linder run out	10	c Rogerson b Byron	2
Wood l b w b Rogerson	6	not out	5
Parker not out	0	b Byron	3
Byes, 4; leg byes, 5; wides, 2	11	Byes	2
Total	123	Total	54

First Innings.	New York.	Second Innings.
Tyler run out	1	b W. Linder	9
Jardine b W. Linder	10		
Kerr b W. Linder	5	c G. Linder b Mixer	2
Rogerson b W. Linder	5	run out	0
Byron c Stearns b Hammond	2	not out	25
Lee c G. Linder b W. Linder	4	c and b Hammond	0
Higham b Hammond	1		
Suydam l b w b Hammond	0	run out	1
Smith run out	5	b W. Hammond	0
Hayward b Wood	8	not out	2
Robinson not out	17	c and b W. Linder	0
Byes, 5; leg byes, 4; wides, 2	11	Bye, 1; wides, 4	5
Total	67	Total	44

INDIANAPOLIS vs. CINCINNATI.

The Indianapolis Cricket Club went to Cincinnati on the 26th ult., to play the Union Club a match of one innings. It was not finished, on account of darkness. The Unions played without Harry Wright and other members of their first eleven. We give the score:—

Union.	Indianapolis.	
Crooks c Williams b Dean	22	Dean c Wheelock, b Harvey
Kemper b Dean	11	Garratt c Ellard b Crooks
How c Smith b McGaw	13	Weaver b Harvey
Hatfield b McGaw	0	McGaw b How
Winslow not out	28	Leavitt run out
Ellard b Dean	6	Cartwright not out
Storer b Dean	7	Smith b How
Harris c Thompson b Weaver	6	Thompson b Hatfield
Brainard c McGaw b Weaver	0	Williams c Storer b How
Harvey l b w, b Weaver	3	Riggs at Hatfield b Ellard
Byes, 10; leg byes, 2	12	Storer not out
		Byes, 10; wides, 5; no ball, 1

It will be seen that Indianapolis went in first and got all down. It is not probable that they would have won, however.

CRICKET AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.—A cricket match was played there on the 27th ult., between the Renwick Avenue and Lily-white clubs, which the former won by 10 wickets. Grand totals, 87 to 93.

CRICKET AT ST. JOHNS.—A cricket match was played on the 26th ult., being the return between the St. Johns and Waterloo Club, Waterloo won in one inning, the score standing:—St. John—First innings, 35; second innings, 33; total, 68. Waterloo—First innings, 101. Waterloo won the previous match by 35 runs.

MILITARY VS. CIVILIANS.—Quite an important cricket match was played at Toronto, C. W., on the 26th ult., between the Military and Civilians, of Canada, which the former won by 54 runs. Totals, 104 and 86 for the Military, and 47 and 99 for the Civilians.

BILLIARDS.

THE FRENCH ARTIST AND HIS PERFORMANCES.

One day last week, Mons. Rudolph, the French billiard artist, whose arrival we announced about a month since, called at Captain Boyle's billiard room, and was invited to play a three-ball game with an amateur there present. The invitation was accepted, and the twain played 50 points up. The amateur rates as an excellent player, but he found himself no match for the skillfull Frenchman, who achieved the hollowest of victories, winning by 41 points. The defeated gentleman, whose special excellence consists in playing with his fingers, or without a cue, then proposed a contest at this style of game, for a wager. Rudolph acquiesced and the first game resulted in the success of the amateur by the following score:—

Rudolph.—1, 0, 12, 0, 1, 6, 1, 1, 0, 2—total, 24.
Amateur.—0, 0, 0, 4, 10, 0, 0, 1, 11, 24—total, 53.

A second game for $20 a side, or double that at stake in the first, was then played, by the following score:—

Amateur.—0, 0, 0, 1, 19, 11, 14, 5—total, 50.
Rudolph.—5, 0, 4, 2, 0, 4, 2—total, 27.

A third game, also for $20 a side, was then entered into, and this likewise resulted in favor of the amateur. Here they rested. A few hours afterwards the contest was renewed, the challenge coming this time from Rudolph, who had evidently kept under cover, not "fingering" his ball as skillfully as was in his power. He won this game, defeating his opponent badly, and the next he "ran" out, making fifty consecutive carooms. This display of skill was sufficient for the amateur, and so he declined to play longer. By way of finale, the Frenchman now executed some astonishing fancy shots, in one of which he caromed by throwing his ball over his shoulder back upon the table.

Later in the week, or on the 27th ult., he sought out Melvin Foster at his room on Park Row, and played him four French games, each 63 points up, for $20 a side. The playing on both sides was admirable in the first game, Foster winning by 17 points. We append the score:—

Foster—0, 3, 26, 25, 9. Total, 63. Average, 12 3-5.
Rudolph—11, 17, 0, 5. Total, 33. Average, 8¼.

During the game the Frenchman made several propositions to wager from $50 to $100 on his success; and it may be added that since his advent here he has invariably out betted every one else. If he has not won or lost a great deal of money, it is solely because his offers have not been accepted.

In the second game they also played remarkably, both crediting themselves with runs in excess of 25. When Foster had but 6 to get, the Frenchman brought the balls together by a daring *masse* stroke and ran out the game.

The third game was won easily by the Frenchman, his play being characterized by runs of 27 and 29. Against them it was almost useless to attempt to contend, and Foster was beaten 30 points.

In the fourth game most excellent play was again shown. Foster had succeeded in scoring 57, when Rudolph put an end to his hopes of winning by "running out."

With this the contest terminated, the understanding being that the players should meet again at a future day and fight their battle o'er again. The meeting on the 27th ult. satisfied all who were witnesses of it that Rudolph is, when he has a mind to be, a match for the best player in the country, at least at the three-ball game.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—A Chicago paper announces that Joseph Dion has written John McDevitt to the effect that he recognizes that player as champion, and also that he considers the $1,000 now in the stakeholder's hands, and belonging (as Dion thinks) to McDevitt, is a sufficient forfeit for the match between himself and the Chicago player. This settles the matter as between Dion and McDevitt, but, unfortunately, it does not affect in any way the dispute between McDevitt and Foster, which is still undecided. Nor does Dion's nomination of the $1,000 as security for McDevitt's forfeit of $250 bind the stakeholder to pay over that amount in case McDevitt does not play. The stakeholder has repeatedly declined to give the $1,000 to McDevitt, and of course could not pay any portion of it to Dion. As regards the match between Dion and McDevitt, both men are practising steadily for it, and in a recent game Dion played with his brother the following score was made:—

Joseph Dion—0, 47, 7, 0, 5, 3, 6, 0, 0, 44, 18, 9, 6, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 229, 3, 49, 6, 0, 5, 3, 13, 24, 2, 284, 2.3—Total, 1,030. Average, 25 2-7ths.
Cyrille Dion—0, 7, 25, 23, 13, 0, 8, 8, 10, 42, 2, 7, 98, 4, 9, 33, 134, 3, 0, 0, 4, 125, 36, 0, 19, 0, 0, 11—Total, 906, including 430 odds. Average, 18.

DEERY VS. FOSTER.—It is now announced that Deery and Foster will play their match at the three ball game on the 9th inst., in the private room attached to Capt. Boyle's establishment. The stake contemplated is $250 a side, but up to the 27th ult., the money had not been put up, because the match was made conditional upon the procurement of a public hall, which cannot be had. We incline to think that the match will not be played in accordance with the original terms, but that a new match, for a lesser amount, will be entered into. As it will have to be played in private, it is immaterial whether the stake be $200 or $500. The interest attaching to it will be the same, and as it is a matter of personal, as well as professional pride between the players, the playing would be quite as earnest and skillful, even were nothing but reputation at stake. Recently, in their practice games, Deery has made runs of 68, 47 and 56, and Foster of 51, 49 and 33.

CONTEST IN VIRGINIA CITY.—A match of 1,500 points, said to have been for $600, was played in Virginia City recently, between Winnie Wright and a player from Austin, named Livermore. Wright won by 364. Albert W. Jamison, champion of the Pacific coast, was present, and a match was talked of between him and Wright.

MATCH AT LONG BRANCH.—On the 21 inst. Herman F. Butler and Bernard McQuerney are to play 1,000 points, for $100 a side, at Long Branch.

AT CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL BILLIARD SALOON, on the evening of the 25th inst., there was quite an assemblage of sports and some skillful playing exhibited by Mortimer Hamphreys, Melvin Foster, Goldthwaite & Co. The saloon is next to Tony Pastor's Opera House, is well fitted up, and calculated to be attractive.

THE TRIGGER.

THE BALTIMORE SCHUETZEN FESTIVAL.

The annual festival of the Baltimore Schuetzen Association, which has been going on at the grounds of the Association since Monday, August 24th, terminated on the 29th, when the prizes for shooting were announced as follows:—

Targets E, F, G, H, I and K, distance 300 feet, off hand.—1st prize, F. Flanmer, $10; 2d, Chris. Kramer, $5; 3d, John E. Chamberlain, $70; 4th, G. Schalk, of Pottsville, Pa., $30; 5th, Meyer Myers, $25; 6th, John Klein, of New York, $20; 7th, Mollie, of New York, 45; 8th, Mr. Pennington, $40; 9th, Mr. Weitstein, $35; 10th, F. Frank, $30; 11th, John Friederich, $25; 12th, Fred Nesib, $25; 13th, Dr. Windwarth; 14th, G. E. Matthei, $20; 15th, Mr. Orenens, of New York, $19; 16th, Major Blumenberg; 17th, Mr. Schwarzenberg, of New York, $17; 18th, Mr. Elling, $16; 19th, Philip Rose, $15; 20th, Chas. Lemkuhl, $14; 21st, Dr. Pape; 22d, William Koore, $12; 23d, Christ. Hesse, $7.

Target A, B, C and D, distance 300 feet, rest.—1st, F. Kramer, $100; 2d, J. Friederich, $80; 3d, Mr. Mill, of Washington, $60; 4th, Mr. Pennington, $50; 5th, Mr. Hagen, $45; 6th, Mr. Hogert, $45; 7th, John E. Chamberlain, $15; 8th, John Schalk, of Pottsville, Pa., $30; 9th, C. Roping, $25; 10th, Wm. Koore, $20; 11th, Mr. Rogerson, $20; 12th, Christian Hesse, $15; 13th, G. E. Mathei, $14; 14th, Major Leopold Blumenberg, $13; 15th, Mr. Fuge, $12; 16th, Mr. Henze, of Washington, $11; 17th, Mr. Ross, Jr., $10; 18th, Mr. Schwarzenberg, of Washington, $9; 19th, Dr. Edward Pape, $7; 20th, Frederick Nettle, $5.

Target 300 feet, rifle target.—1st prize, Charles Hesse, $30; 2d, Ph. Klein, of New York, $25; 3d, John K. Chamberlain, $20; 4th, Major L. Blumenberg, $15; 5th, F. Kramer, $12; 6th, F. Flanmer, $10; 7th, W. Koore, $20; 8th, L. Muth, $18; 9th, Mr. Scholermann, of New York, $16; 10th, P. Friedrich, $14; 11th, W. H. Ribring, $12; 12th, G. Schalk, of Pottsville, Pa., $10; 13th, Mr. Soerson, of New York, $8; 14th, G. E. Matthai, $7; 15th, T. Schneider, $5.

Targets A, B, C and D, prizes for the best shots.—1st, Mr. Schalk, of Pottsville, Pa., $30; 2d, Mr. Klein, of New York, $25; 3d, J. E. Chamberlain, $20; 4th, F. Kramer, $15; 5th, P. Noerner, $12.

Targets E, F, G, H and K, best off-hand shots.—1st prize, $30; Mr. Pennington; 2d, $25, Christ. Kramer; 3d, $20, Mr. Weitstein; 4th, $15, Mr. Klein, of New York; 5th, $10, G. E. Matthai.

CANADA VS. SCOTLAND.—Ten picked men belonging to the 5th Battalion Light Infantry, Royals, of Montreal, Co. E, and the same number from the 3d Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers, of Glasgow, Scotland, recently shot an international match which resulted in a tie, each team scoring 334. At 200 yards the Scots beat their opponents by 12, and at 500 yards by 6, but at 600 yards the Canucks made superior shooting, and regained their loss of 18 points. The Canadians shot at Point St. Charles on August 15th, and the Scots at Nitshill, Glasgow, on August 1st.

TARGET SHOOTING.—On Monday, August 24th, the Wecacoe Legion, of Philadelphia, went to Cottage Grove, on the Delaware, where they engaged in target practice. The prizes were won as follows:—First prize, Smith medal, by Joseph M. Brown; second, Lyndall medal, A. J. Fisher; third, company medal, Jos. Ellis; fourth, silver-mounted rifle, Peter Shoch; fifth, Barr prize, gold sleeve-buttons and studs, Orderly Sergeant Peter Gillis; sixth, Lanair prize, American silver watch, Thos. Senat; seventh, Watt prize, barrel of flour, Peter Alexander; eighth, leather medal, Geo. Lausenberger.

MARKSMANSHIP IN THE NEW DOMINION.—A rifle shooting match, between the sergeants of the 78th Highlanders and those of the 60th Rifles, took place at Point Levi, Canada, on Saturday, 15th ult. There were twelve men on each side, the best shots in each regiment being selected. At 200 yards the Highlanders showed the best score, but at the other distances they were considerably behind. The match was won by the Rifles by 90 points. The highest number of points made was by one of the Rifles, being 52.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
BEGINS AT 8.

J. E. HAYES, ... Lessee.
G. L. FOX, ... Stage Manager.
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TWENTY-SIXTH WEEK. CROWDED NIGHTLY.
G. L. Fox's great Pantomime (reconstructed)
HUMPTY DUMPTY.
Clown by the renowned Pantomim st and Comedian, Mr. G. L. FOX.

NEW TRICKS,	NEW COSTUMES,
NEW SCENERY,	NEW BALLETS,
NEW MARVELS,	NEW ILLUSIONS,
NEW JOKES,	NEW FEATURES.

PANTOMIME, BALLET, SPECTACLE.
A magnificent success. "Time cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety," and merry H. Dumpty is as welcome, brilliant, and prosperous a favorite to-day as when twenty-six weeks ago his humor first irradiated the town.
THE GREAT DANSEUSE, M'LLE SANGALLI.
THE AUSTRIAN GREAT ZOUAVE DRILL.
HUMPTY DUMPTY MATINEES, 1½ SATURDAY.

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NEW SCENERY, NEW COSTUMES, NEW APPOINTMENTS, ORIGINAL MUSIC, AND A GREAT CAST.
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Secured seats six days in advance.

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MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1868.
Open from 9 A. M. till 10 o'clock P. M.
EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL AS LORLE.
AFTERNOON, at 2, inaugural Address by P. T. BARNUM, Esq.
To be followed with
ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE,
by MISS SUSAN GALTON, MR. WHIFFEN, and company, in two of Offenbach's Comic Operas, and throughout the day
ALL THE LIVING PHENOMENA.
HAMKE TWINS, BABY WOMAN, AUTOMATON LEOTARD, dren under 10 years of age to each exhibition of curiosities ever collected in family circle of Grand Theatre. Reserved seats, extra.

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OF BATEMAN'S OPERA BOUFFE.
SEVENTH WEEK
OF BARBE BLEUE.
This most magnificent production, which has excited the unbounded admiration of the entire public of New York, and which has been pronounced by all who have witnessed the piece at both houses to greatly surpass the same performance at the Theatre des Varieties, Paris, in every particular of artists, chorus, orchestra, scenery, costumes and mise en scene.

BOULOTTE		MLLE. IRMA
BARBE BLEUE		MR. AUJAC
POPOLANI	Their first	MR. THOLER
COUNT OSCAR	appearance	MR. BENEDICK
PRINCESS HERMIA	this season.	MR. MARIE

Jarrett & Palmer's Parisian Ballet Troupe.
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The NEW HIBERNICON, representing
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The pictorial portion of the entertainment illustrates all the beautiful scenery and principal cities of
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Selections from the works of the great Irish Poets and Composers will be given by the following artists:
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CHAS. McEVOY
As "Barney, the Irish Guide."
J. T. ROWLAND
Lecturer, and a full chorus.
Doors open at 7; to be in at 8 o'clock.

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The Theatrical or other Advertisements coming under the head of Amusements, fifteen cents per line for each and every insertion.

The Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.

Two Notices—to be inserted in our News Departments—such as are never to be found in other papers, viz., thirty cents per line; but in no case will it be inserted more than twice.

In our Leading or Editorial Columns nothing of a paid character is admitted, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

One Year's Card Date. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A Liberal Deduction from these Rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.

Advertisements should be sent in by noon of Monday, at latest, to secure their appearance in that week's issue.

All Business Letters or Communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of New York Clipper,
No. 17 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE STOCK FOR SALE.

The Cages of Animals, Four Centre Pole Canvas, One Dressing Room, Thirty-two Lengths Seats, Uprights and Jacks, Ten Baggage Wagons, two Band Chariots, one Band wagon, One Tableaux Car, One Performers' Wagon, Four Sets Chandeliers, Seventy-five Sets Harness, Two Hundred Harnesses, Ten Entree Dresses, Ten Extra Dresses, One Hundred Horseclothes, Ten Entree Dresses, Ten Extra Capes, Fifteen Saddles and Bridles, One Ticket Wagon, One Property Wagon, Four Pad Horses, Two Performing Mules, Ten Ponies, One Trick Horse—"General Grant," Ten Spotted Ring Horses.

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Lot No. 1—One Arican Elephant.
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Lot No. 6—One Striped Hyena. One Lobar Wolf.
Lot No. 7—One Grizzly Bear. One Hudson Bay Wolf.
Lot No. 8—One Sacred Ape.
Lot No. 9—One Sacred Cow.
Lot No. 10—One Water Buffalo.
Lot No. 11—One Pair Performing Wolves.
Lot No. 12—Two African Tigers.
Lot No. 13—One Cage Monkeys, 25 in number.

MISCELLANEOUS—One Civet Cat, One Wartoos, One Ant Eater, Three Foxes, One Wild Cat, Ten Parrots and Macaws, One Mercott, Fifty Guinea Pigs, One Pair Madagascar Rabbits, Four Pair Cash-mere Goats, One Gazelle, One White Deer, together with a great variety of Boxes, paraphernalia, tools and property too numerous to mention, and taken in the aggregate is the LARGEST AND MOST VALUABLE ASSORTMENT OF CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE STOCK THAT EVER TRAVELED. The same having been attached for the security of the creditors of "Howe's Transat antic Circus and Herr Driesbach's Mammoth Menagerie Company," will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION to satisfy the claims against it, and for the benefit of the proprietors as to surplus, and in parcels or lots to suit purchasers, on the 15th day of September, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the St. Lawrence Hotel, Village of Cape St. Vincent, County of Jefferson, State of New York. The property was all new in the Spring of 1867, and the animals are young. Wagons and harness were manufactured in Concord, N. H.

Dated August 26, 1868. 22-4t

TO BANJO PLAYERS AND MINSTRELS.

—W. H. FARNHAM & CO., successors to the late Albert Wilson,) sole manufacturers of Wilson's Celebrated Silver Banjos and Tambourines, acknowledged to be the loudest, sharpest, sweetest toned and most durable instruments in the world. Used and recommended by the following well known professionals:—Ada Webb, Maggie Wilkes, Harry Shawwood, Tom Warfield, Billy Carter, Lew Simmons, Oscar Willis, Tommy Jefferson, Charley Gleason, Genevie Bideaux, Billy Manning, Dick Mannin', E. D. Gooding, Harry Carter, J. A. Howard and a great many others. Address

23-6t* W. H. FARNHAM & CO., 136 River st., Troy, N. Y.

W. H. FARNHAM & CO., you will be kind enough to use my name as you think proper in reference to the recommendation of your Banjos, as being the best for the professional or parlor purposes. BILLY CARTER, Banjoist and Comedian. Academy of Music, New Orleans, La. 22-1t*

MISS SALLIE WESTERN, The young and accomplished SERIO COMIC VOCALIST, is ready to engage for two or more weeks by addressing her 23-1t* Care Clipper Office, New York.

AN OLD AND EXPERIENCED AGENT and BUSINESS MANAGER is desirous of an engagement with a first class entertainment only. Can produce the best of references, and has had over twenty years experience in the business. Is thoroughly posted in regard to Halls, Railroads, and Newspapers. Address care of COL. T. ALLSON BROWN, Clipper Office. 22-1f

HE'S GOT MONEY; A Play in Five Acts, by THOS. B. McDONOUGH & F. C. MAEDER, Will be acted in Philadelphia at the Arch Street Theatre, Mrs. Drew having arranged for it with the undersigned.

The Comedian, LEFFINGWELL, has added it to his repertoire, the part of "Smith" being peculiarly adapted to this gentleman's genius.

Managers in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, where Mr. Leffingwell plays, will please notice.

Managers in other places wishing to arrange for the piece can do so by addressing the undersigned.

THOS. B. McDONOUGH,
173 Bleecker street,
22-1f New York City.

TOLEDO AND DETROIT.

NOTICE.—The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged for the coming season will please assemble on the Stage (in Toledo) Friday, Sept. 11, preparatory for the opening Sept. 14.

22-1t B. MACAULEY, Manager.

STORAGE for Theatrical Wardrobes and Properties, Furniture, Baggage or other goods; separate rooms; goods taken up on elevators. Porters, truckmen, etc., on hand. HARGEN, 357 West 34th st., cor. 8th Avenue. 22-1t*

INDIANAPOLIS.

The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC Will please meet on the Green Room on Friday, Sept. 18, at 11 A. M., preparatory to opening MONDAY, SEPT. 21.

22-2t W. H. LEAKE, Manager.

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Before it will be reopened Sept. 1, 1868. Enlarged; will seat 1,500 persons.

Drop Curtain and Scenery for a first class Theatre or Minstrel Troupe. City license reduced.

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FOR SALE—One complete set of Organ Bells, with Tubes. Also, one double action Harp, in perfect order. Can above for sale cheap. For particulars address by mail, P. H. Gilmore, Union Square, New York.

Manager either as Advance Agent, or for a Theatre. Business communications should be addressed care of JOURNAL OF TOIL, Boston, Mass. 21-4f

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Begs to inform the Profession that all Music and Programmes sent to his care will be posted and distributed thoroughly and with dispatch. Owner of all Bill Boards. 21-3t*

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Also a LEADING LADY, one of versatile experience preferred. N. B.—Must be young and pretty.

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Second Theatre, Rudolph as stage. Beilast, Me. 21-3t*

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A good FIRST VIOLINIST Who can arrange well and play Brass to act as MUSICAL DIRECTOR FOR DUPREE & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.

Give one year's engagement to the right man. Apply, stating lowest terms, to Providence, R. I., until Sept. 12; after that date to Worcester, Mass. (21-2t*) CHAS. H. DUPREE, Manager.

ADDIE PROCTOR KUNKEL, LEADING LADY,

Disengaged for managers desirous of engaging the above named artiste for the FALL AND WINTER SEASON OF 1868-9,

can be suited by addressing her at 353 East Fayette street, Baltimore, Md. 21-3t*

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Has just completed, with new Drop and Scenery complete. Stage 24x15 feet deep. Will seat 1,150. Balcony, Round Hall, chairs numbered. To rent on favorable terms to Theatrical, Minstrel, Musical, Opera Companies, and Lecturers.

References:—H. M. Leslie, Boston Theatre Co.
J. Wentworth, Theatre Comique.
Miss Helen Western, Boston.
C. H. FLETCHER.

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WANTED (for first class amusements only.)

The above Hall will seat over 1,800 persons, is fitted with entirely new and elegant scenery (Plain).

The most centrally located building in the city, and every way adapted for

FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS.

H. N. WARD, Agent. 22-3m*

ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

Proprietor, E. DE BAR. Lessee and Manager, CHAS. POPE.

This theatre will open for the regular season on or about the latter part of October, 1868. Star and stock artists of acknowledged reputation will apply to Lovell & Simmonds, 609 Broadway, N. Y., or Chas. Pope, 36 Delaware place, Buffalo, N. Y. Consider silence a negative. 18-3m*

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

Price Fifteen Cents each. Sent postpaid by O. A. BOORBACH, 21-1f 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

WANTED—For Dupree & Benedict's MINSTRELS, one Second Violinist, one Flute and Piccolo, one Double Bass Viol, and one Clarionetist. All must be first class and thorough good readers. Wanted, two Clog Jigs and one French Dance who can do Trina Deana business; talent must be first class and clever, and have a good wardrobe. Salary sure for one year's engagement, but must be moderate to suit the times. Offer lowest terms and full particulars in regard to abilities. Apply by letter to CHAS. H. DUPREE, Manager, Providence, R. I., or call in person on LEWIS BENEDICT, No. 104 West 28th st., New York city.

PARKHURST & CHALLIS, Organists, would present to receiver or organists Sept. 9th, as per agreement. Write at once your where-abouts to 19-3t* CHAS. H. DUPREE.

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RAAB EISCHER is prepared to receive offers for the 21st engagements for the Fall and Winter, in the character of Gymnast, Equestrian or Equestrian and Sensation Pantomime. Address her only agents, LOVELL & SIMMONDS.

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Managers wishing to engage these celebrated and talented artistes, the coming season, for Grand Opera works, for Burlesques, Spectacles, Ballets, &c., will please address

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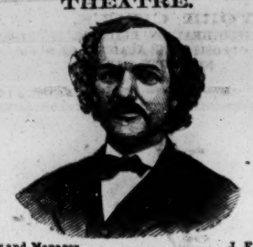

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TWENTY-FOUR
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THE LARGEST THEATRICAL COMPANY EVER ORGANIZED TO TRAVEL,

together with a full SILVER CORNET BAND, and a full and efficient Orchestra.

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ANNIE MONTFORD,
LITTLE KATIE BAKER,
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